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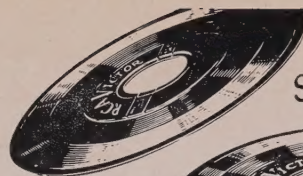
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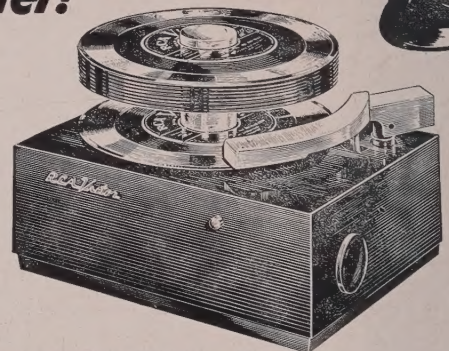


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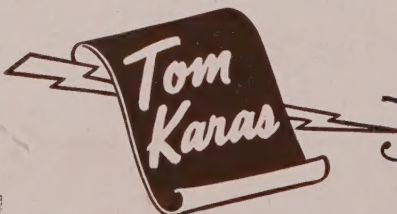
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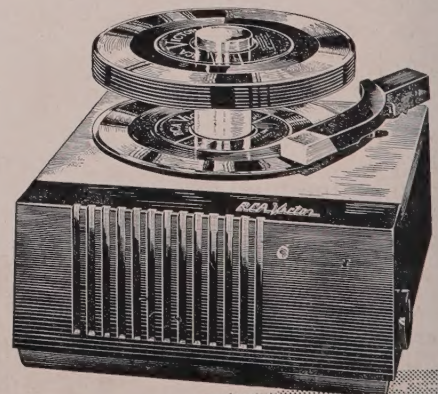
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BYZANTINE ART — THE LADDER OF VIRTUES. Fresco in the Refectory of the Monastery of Aghia Lavra. (Composition inspired by the Famous Ascetical Book of Jean Climaque.)



# Interpretation of the Myth of Perseus

By CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST

Author of "Perseus and the Gorgon" and "St. George of Cappadocia"

The excavation of the Gorgon and her temple in Corfu where she had been worshipped as a goddess, has now made it certain that Schliemann's surmise was correct: that Perseus was not a mere myth but, rather, a man and that he lived about 1500 B.C., that is, in the period of the great Pharaoh Thothmose III and his wars; and now it can be seen that this sculptured Gorgon whose head had been severed from her body, was the very Gorgon whom Perseus "killed." As the myth goes, she had been living in a temple which was situated on an island. This island was in the West, the far west of her prehistoric day. She was accompanied there by her two children, named as in the myth: **Pegasus, the Winged Horse**, and **Chrysaor of the Golden Sword**, the young Sungod, as well as by her consort, the Serpent god of the Sea.

The name of her slayer, **Perseus**, is derived from  $\pi\acute{\epsilon}\rho\sigma\omega$ ,  $\pi\acute{\epsilon}\rho\sigma\omega$ , which means: **I kill, I slav. I destroy, I sack, I rase, I lay waste**, all of which things were evidently done to the Gorgon and her temple in Corfu, done so effectively that they were not brought to light for more than thirty-four centuries. Fragments of the buried temple have been taken to Tiryns and Mycenae, where they were excavated by Schliemann and classed correctly as isolated fragments: probably they were historical monuments intended to commemorate a great victory, but what that victory had been and who had won it could not be determined then, nor until this temple had been found.

Also, it can now be seen that **Drakon**, the **Libyan Monster of the Sea** that Perseus killed in Libya, was not a mere myth either, but the male god of the Asiatics to whom children were sacrificed in his fiery brazen images. In the myth of Perseus the priest of Baal is named **Phineas**, and most appropriately since Phineas means **Brazenface**. The myth tells that when the monster, Drakon, had been killed, this Phineas came forward to claim the Princess Andromeda after Perseus had rescued her, on the ground that she had been affianced to him, and he gathered a rout of his followers to threaten Perseus with war. But Athena had wisely counselled Perseus against such a contingency and he carried in a wallet what was purported to be the Gorgon's snaky, gory head. At

the proper moment he held this grim item up before Phineas and his rout with the result that forthwith they were all transfixed with terror, and turned into stone! Literally scared to death!

Now the Libyan Queen was converted from her belief in the Gorgon and Drakon who had been proved to be false gods, and she adopted instead the True Faith of Perseus and the Pharaoh who worshipped the God of the Sky, the Bulldog, Amen-Ra, Zeus, and Wisdom, Athena, Thoth.

On the Metternich Stele where the victories of the Pharaoh, Thothmose III, are represented in reliefs (1) the Pharaoh is seen in a chariot that is drawn by a winged horse which symbolizes a ship, and he is fighting against serpents and crocodiles, these representing the Asiatic gods of Corfu and Libya: the serpent consort of the Gorgon, and the crocodile symbolic of the Drakon in Libya; (2) a proud goddess is riding on a crocodile and supporting a huge serpent, these representing the Gorgon, and again her consort, the Serpent, as well as her ally in Libya represented by the Crocodile; (3) finally, a fierce warrior who is crowned with the horns of the Bulldog and must represent Perseus, is seen fighting on foot with a giant Crocodile, once more Drakon. This monster of the sea is lashing wildly with his tail in a desperate attempt to overthrow the warrior while the **Hippopotamus-goddess** of the Libyans who is now crowned with the horns of the **Sacred Cow** symbolizing the Mother-goddess of the Pharaoh and the Greeks, **"Mut-Hatnor and Hera**, the Queen of Heaven, tries to help the warrior by leading the Crocodile away by means of a line! The cow-horns that she wears must signify that she has been converted from the Libyans whose Mother-goddess she had been, to the service of the Egyptians and the Greeks.

These reliefs on the Metternich stele represent the political situation in Libya at that time correctly, for the Queen of Libya now converted to the Egyptian and Greek gods, was the same now giving support to the Pharaoh in his wars despite her being the daughter of Queen Hatshepsut, the earlier Queen of Libya who had allied all the Asiatics against him in Africa, Egypt, Asia, and the Mediterranean lands including Corfu and Libya, and who had been the occasion thereby of the Pharaoh's wars!



It is now evident that Perseus had rendered the Pharaoh a very great service by these victories he had won in Corfu and Libya over the Asiatics and their gods. Without such a victory as this in Libya, the Pharaoh at Thebes would have been cut off from the sea and Asiatic despotisms would have prevailed in the whole area while Greece and the undeveloped lands of Europe lying to the rear were developed under Asiatic despots and their abominable gods.

That these services which Perseus rendered to the Pharaoh were very great in their consequences to Egypt and also in world-history, and that they were duly appreciated in Egypt, can be seen from the fact that when Herodotus visited Egypt about a thousand years later he found that the "most exalted" games (those comparable to the Pythian and the Olympian games in Greece) were celebrated and named in honor of Perseus.

But while Perseus and the Gorgon and Drakon are seen to have been actual, the Princess Andromeda whom Perseus rescued from Drakon in Libya, was merely mythical, allegorical, for her name is derived from ἀντήρ - ἀνδρός, and means She-who-gives-heed-to-men. This applies to the goddess Athena who had given aid to Perseus in his combats with the Gorgon and Drakon and Phineas. The myth tells also that when Perseus became the King in Tiryns he made Andromeda his Queen so that his rule would always be wise.

It was certainly to be desired that in Tiryns the people over whom Perseus was to rule should feel that he was near and dear to them, even blood of their blood and bone of their bone, and that they should welcome him as the rightful heir to the throne, for if he took Tiryns by conquest that would impair the object and be certain to sow dragon's teeth which would spring up later as armed men. The people of Tiryns were Asiatics like those in Corfu and Libya, and it was surely Athena who counselled Perseus to come to an agreement with **Megapenthes**, the King of Argos, to divide the peninsula between them: Megapenthes to rule in Argos and Perseus to rule in Tiryns, and each was to support the other in his claims.

At that time King **Acrisius** was ruling in Tiryns. Acrisius was an uncle of Megapenthes and his hereditary enemy. Furthermore, he was a usurper of the throne and a king by no means dear to his people. Too, the kings of Argos had been a treacherous lot—the fifty daughters of Danaus had, all but one, murdered their husbands, the fifty sons of his brother, on their wedding night! It may have been Megapenthes, or it may have been Perseus himself counselled by Athena, who now put into circulation the very touching and appealing story which made it appear that Perseus was the rightful heir to the throne of Tiryns and that King Acrisius had wronged him and his mother, Danae, abominably. It was probably Athena who devised this story, so effective has it proved to be. Not only did it establish Perseus on the throne, but it has outlived nearly thirty-four centuries. It seems safe to say that it will never die. It tells of the inhumanity of King Acrisius to his own daughter, Danae, and of the miraculous birth of her son who was Perseus. In brief it is as follows:

An oracle had foretold that the son of King Acrisius' daughter would put him from his throne. Therefore, thinking that he could circumvent Fate, he imprisoned his daughter, Danae, in a tower so that she could not wed. Zeus, though, took pity on the poor maiden and visited her in a golden shower after which she gave birth to his son who was Perseus and who inherited his mother's right to the throne.

The King Acrisius feared the more that the Oracle would someday be fulfilled and still hoping that he could outwit Fate he caused Danae and her infant son to be placed in an open box and set adrift in the sea, hoping that they would be drowned. Zeus, however, cared for his own and had the box float safely to an island shore where a kind fisherman rescued them and cared for them. At first the King of the island, moved by their plight, gave them protection but later this same king became deeply enamoured of Danae and tried to rid himself of her son, Perseus, who was fast approaching manhood. He sent Perseus away on a very perilous mission which was no less than to seek out the Gorgon at her dwelling on an island in the West, then to kill her and bring back her severed head to the King in proof that he had truly destroyed her.

This quest Perseus accepted, and by the counsel and aid of Athena he beheaded the Gorgon, using the magic equipment with which she had supplied him: the magic slippers, the magic helmet, the magic cloak, and the magic mirror (by which he could cut off her head without looking directly at her and thus being turned into stone). Further following instructions he carried the severed head back to the King. There he unwrapped it and held it up before the guilty ruler who was forthwith turned into stone, as he well deserved to be.

Perseus then rescued his mother, Danae, and took her with him to Tiryns where, without opposition, he ascended the throne, for King Acrisius had fled when he heard that Perseus was coming. The ground had been carefully prepared for Perseus' advent, and thanks to this diplomatic obliquity he was able to establish his new and better dispensation in Tiryns with the approval of the people, and for the good of all concerned. His true faith in God of the Heavens and Wisdom, Athena, spread among his people before long as they came to realize that in Gorgon and Drakon they had worshipped false gods just as those in Corfu and Libya had done. It had all begun when they had allied themselves with the peoples of Corfu and Libya against the Pharaoh and the Greeks. Now all that was past.

With Andromeda, the True Faith, as his Queen in Tiryns, Perseus served his people so well and so wisely that they not only renounced their false Asiatic gods but sought to destroy every trace of them. They threw the images of those gods over the wall of the citadel where Schliemann finally discovered them when he excavated Tiryns. He identified them by the Asiatic symbols that appeared on them: the symbols of the Crescent, the Dove, and the Pig. Mingled with these discarded images were fragments of pottery which, it was surmised, had been used at the altar. Inside the citadel of Tiryns Schliemann found a great many images of the Cow which symbolized the Mother-goddess of the Egypt-



## ATHENE

ians and the Greeks, Mut-Hathor and Hera, identified by the horns of the Sacred Cow who gives sustenance to the world.

When King Acrisius fled before Perseus he took refuge with the neighboring King of Larissa who received him as a friend and held games in his honor. Perseus entered as a contestant in the games, and when he hurled the disc it did not go true to the mark but, instead, swerved aside and killed King Acrisius where he sat among the spectators!

Perseus explained that the wind had deflected the course of his disc and that it had been his kind intention to forgive King Acrisius for what he had done in the past and to take him back to Tiryns and care for him in his old age. Megapenthes did not fail to support Perseus in this according to the pact that they had made—it would hardly have been wise for Megapenthes or anyone else to oppose the hero who had killed the Gorgon as well as the Libyan Monster of the Sea. It is certain that Athena would have counselled Perseus to run no risk of treachery on the part of King Acrisius, for she herself would rather commit a lesser evil than a greater good might come of it, as when she lured the noble Hector to his death so as to bring the war at Troy to a successful end. This death of King Acrisius was so very opportune!

Resourceful and effective as Perseus is seen to have been in the use that he made of the Gorgon's severed head to overcome Phineas and his rout in Libya when they warred against the Pharaoh, the Athenians in emulation of Perseus were equally effective when they killed the Gorgon which the Asiatic King, **Erechtheus**, had installed in his temple-palace, the Erechtheum, when he built his city on the Acropolis. When they had "killed" this Gorgon, beheading her as Perseus had beheaded the Gorgon in Corfu, they buried her head on the Acropolis, sending her down to the Lower World as Perseus had sent the Gorgon of Corfu. Again they emulated Perseus by presenting the severed head to Athena as her trophy of the victory, at the same time installing Athena's statue at the altar in the Erechtheum where the Gorgon's statue had been, and there displayed the severed head of the Gorgon upon Athena's breast! There it served as a boast, a vaunt, a challenge, a defiance, a threat to anyone who might be contemplating an attack on Athena's city, for now Athena's name had been given to the city which Erechtheus had built on the Acropolis. The Asiatics who were sailing the Mediterranean in those days could hardly forget that what Perseus had done to their Gorgon in Corfu had not been a mere myth, but had been a crushing defeat to their own goddess and to them, but it is clear, nonetheless, that the severed head on Athena's breast was not merely decorative, but an effective device for protecting Athena's worshippers. It is not surprising, then, that century after century passed without any attack being made on Athena's people, and that when the Persians finally attacked the Athenians at Marathon and Salamis, Wisdom again gave Athena's worshippers a crushing Victory.

But far-seeing and effective as Perseus had been, he could not have foreseen or prevented the passing of Zeus and Athena whom he had worshipped, nor the passing of their dispensation which



**CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST**

An outstanding American writer and Hellenist is the author of "Perseus and the Gorgon" the most authoritative book to date on the Perseus Myth. This book will be translated in Greece as it gives a most plausible explanation of the traditions of the Greek people in prehistoric times concerning their descent and their early history. Mrs. Hulst is also an eminent Homerist, and one of her other books, "St. George of Cappadocia" is already a classic on the life of this great Greek saint. Other works of Mrs. Hulst include: "Homer and the Prophets", "Balder's Death and Loke's Punishment", a remarkable epic based on Norse Mythology and others.

he had established. But the day did finally come when his gods followed the Gorgon and Drakon into oblivion. This was when the dispensation of Christ came in. When this occurred the Christian iconoclasts broke the images of his gods just as his iconoclasts had broken the images of the Gorgon and Drakon in his day.

And far-seeing and effective as Perseus had been, he could not possibly have foreseen or contrived that the victory that he had won in Libya would outlive both him and his dispensation to the end of time, and in such a way as to give his honor to the soldier-saint of the Christians, George of Cappadocia! There it would sustain the faith of the Christians as it had strengthened the faith of the Greeks that came after him.

It was the policy of the early church to adopt the best that had been evolved in the pagan past and use it for its own purposes, as when the festivals of midwinter and spring were adopted and made to commemorate Christian events though originally they had celebrated the pagan gods of the East. So had the victory of the sungod, Horus, over



the crocodile-god been celebrated. So was it, then, that as early as the Emperor Constantine a cross was pictured in his palace with a dragon at its feet, its body pierced to signify the Old Dragon of the Apocalypse which was symbolical of the Devil. In the Greek Saint George was represented with a dragon at his feet and a crowned virgin at his side to represent the victory of the True Faith.\*

The legend of Saint George and his combat with the Dragon reached Europe by way of the Crusaders, and the first literary account of this was published in Genoa by the Bishop, Jacobus Voragine, in the Golden Legend. This was translated and published in Utrecht by the Bishop, and this was again translated and published by William Caxton, the printer, in 1485, who used the same type and illustration that had been used in Utrecht.

It will be seen that in this version the Queen, the King, and the Princess to be sacrificed, as well as the Dragon and even the line by which the dragon was led, are all just as in the myth of Perseus as carved on the Metternich Stele, and that the combat is localized at Cyene in Libya where the combat of Perseus with Drakon actually occurred. Finally, the Dragon has the general features of the Crocodile-god that Perseus slew.

The following is the legend of Saint George and the Dragon as told by Caxton:

SAYNTE GEORGE AND THE DRAGON,  
FROM

CAXTON'S GOLDEN LEGEND, 1485

Saynt George was a knyght and borne in Capadose. On a tyme he came into the proyaunce of Lybye to a cyte is sayd Sylene. And by this cyte was a stagne or ponde lyke a see, wherein was a dragon whych envynymed all the contre. And on a tyme the people were assembled for to slee hym and when they sawe hym they fledde. And when he came nyghe cyte he venymed the peple wyth his breeth, and therefore the peple of the cyte gaue to hy evere day two sheep for to fede hym, by cause he shold do no harm to the peple, and when the sheep fayle there was taken a shepe and a man. Then was an ordenance made in the town that there shold be taken the chyldren and yonge peple of them of the towne by lotte, and everych as it fyl, were he gentyl or poure shold be delyred when the lotte fyl on hym or hyr. So it happed that many of them of the towne were then delyred in so moche that the lotte fyl on the kynges daughter, whereof the kyng was sorry and sayd vnto the peple, for the love of the goddes syluer and alle that I haue, lete me haue my daughter. They sayd, how syr, ye haue made and ordeyned the lawe and our chyldren been now deed, and ye wold doo the contra. Your doubhter shall by guyen or elles we shall brenne you and your hows. When the kyng saw he myght no more do he began to wepe, and sayd to his daughter, now shall I never see thy espousayls. Thenne retorned he and demaunded VIII days respyte, and they gaunted that to hym. And when the VIII days were passed they came to hym and sayd, thou seest that the cyte perrisheth. Thenne did the kyng do arrange his daughter as she shold be wedded, and embraced hyr and kyssed hir and gaue hyr his benedycsion, and after ledde hyr to the place where the dragon

was. And when she was there, saynt George passed by; when he sawe he demaunded the lady what she made there, she sayd, goo ye your waye, fayre younge man that ye peryshe not also. Whon she saw that he wold knowe she sayd to hym how she was delyuered to the dragon. Thenne sayd Saynt George, Fayre daughter, doubt ye no thyng hereof, for I shall helpe thee in the name of Jhesu Cryste. She said, for goddes sake, good knyght goo your waye and abyde not wyth me, for ye may not delyuer me. Thus as they spake togyder the dragon apperyd and came rennyng to them, and saynt George was vpon his hors, and drew out his swerd & garnished him with the signe of the crosse, and rode hardely agent the dragon which came toward hym, and smote hym with his spere and hurte hym with his spere and hurte hy sore, and threwe hym to the grounds. And after sayd to the mayde, deluyder to me your gyrdel and bynde hym about the necke of the dragon and be not aferde. When she had doon soo the dragon followed hyr as it had been a meke beest and debonayr. Then she ledde hym into the cyte the peple fledde by mountayns and valeyes, and sayd, alas, alas, we shall be alle deed. Thenne saynt George sayd to them, ne doubte ye no thyng, without more, byelue ye in Jhesu cryste, doo ye to be baptysed and I shall slee the dragon. Thenne the kyng was beptysed, all his peple, and saynt george slewe the dragon and smote of his heed, and commaunded that he shold be throwen in the felde, and they took IIII cartes wyth oxen that drewe hym out of the cyte.

Thenne were there wel fyftene thousand men were baptised without wymmen and chyldren, and the kyng did make a chirche there of our lady and of saynt George, in the whiche yet soundeth a founteyn of rynnng water whiche heleth seek peple that drynke thereof.

After this the king offred to Saynt George as moche money as there myght be nombred, but he refused alle and commaunded that it shold be gyven to poure for goddes sake, and enioyned the kynges iiij thynges, that is, that he shold have charge of the chyrches, & that he shold honoure the preestes, and here theyr servyce dyligently, and that he shold have pyte on the poure peple, and after kyssed the kyng and departed.

This version by Caxton was published in London in 1485, from the Italian version which had been published in Genoa two centuries before. In Denmark a ballad telling this story was sung in 1473, when the Danes entered the battle shouting the name of St. George and the Swedes, who were fighting against them, sang this Ballad of St. George as they entered. This Ballad has been sung in the Scandinavian countries for five hundred years; compare the two versions:

'St. George, mine errand thou shalt ride,  
My true and loyal knight,  
At Fabian, that mighty town,  
Against the Dragon fight.

"Outside the gate there lies a pool,  
And well 'tis walled with stone;  
Therein a lonely dragon dwells,  
The bane of all the town.

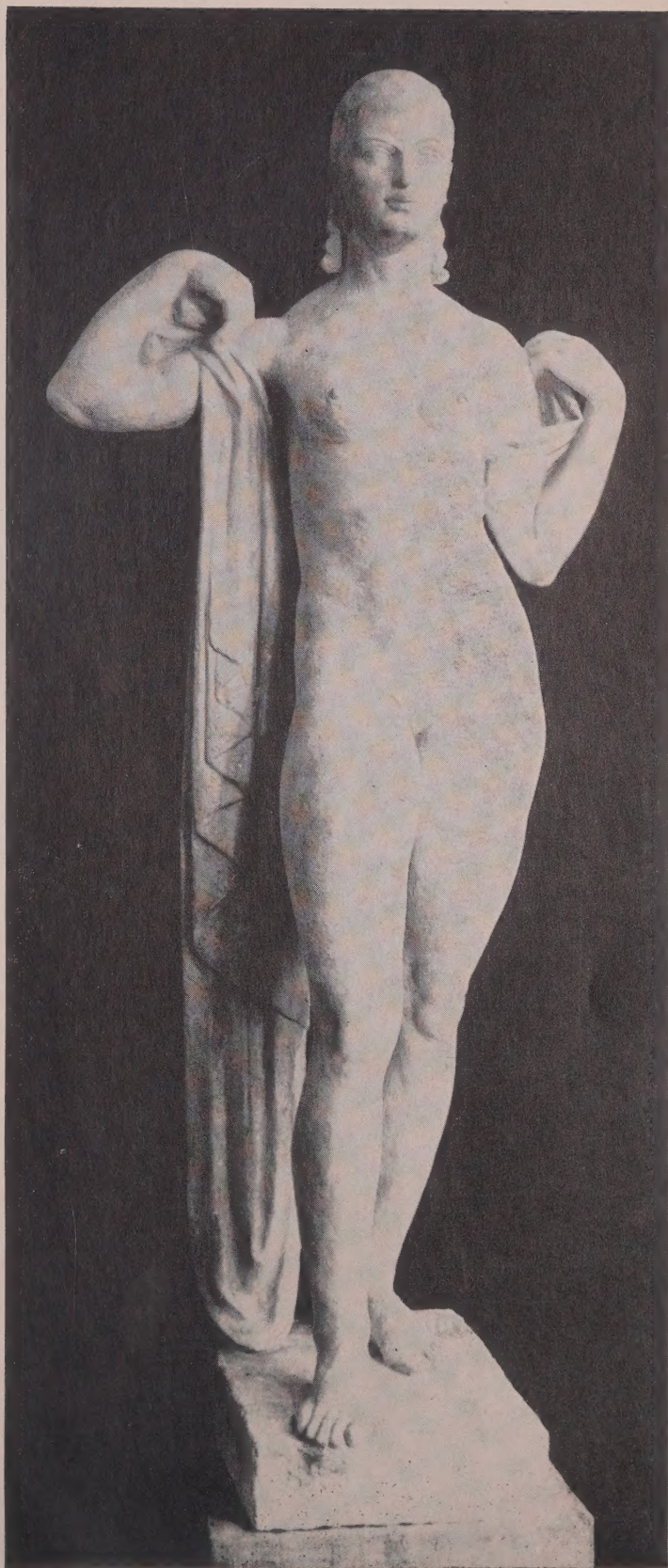
(Continued on Page 46)



# CONTEMPORARY GREEK ART

(Right) Aphrodite at the Bath  
by A. Sochos

(Below) Peasant Girl  
by Yiannis Tsarouhis





# SECRET MISSION

(Translated by ELECTRA GOUDIS from "The Street With the Cobble-Stones",  
a book of short stories, by the well-known Greek author D. Economides.)

## W. LEONARD PARKER (In Memoriam)

I love the sea. In the house where I was born, perched on the rock of the islet—now, alas, lying deserted and forlorn in the arms of the blue Propontis—I first listened to its voice calling me, before hearing my own mother's voice lull me to sleep. And I love the mariners, those easy-going people with their simple and clear words like the round pebbles of the snow-white beach, and their heavy jokes and open laughter, when they return from their long trips and sit guzzling to their heart's content at wineshops of the ports. Sometimes, when I look back in the past and try to recall people that I met and loved, figures of seafarers break through the multitude of bygone faces and smile at me. My uncle Stephanis, for instance, skipper of tug-boats, a stout, good-hearted, generous man full of laughter. He died suddenly and he was only thirty. And my grandfather, the chief engineer, with his austere, lean face and goatee, a man of artless soul, all of a piece, who had no liking for untruth. Such people are bred only by the sea and the lofty mountains.

This story of mine, a proud and true story, like the sea itself, brings back to my pride two sea captains. I was a boy of twenty when I met them; but I'll never forget their manly bearing, so different in each one of them because they were so unlike each other; had not the fate of war brought them together, they would have never met. One was a British officer, commander of a destroyer of His Majesty; the other a Turk, native of Pontos in Asia Minor, master without crew of a small fishing boat with one single sail which he wielded with his right hand while the other held the rudder.

It was two years since the war, the first great war, had ended, and to the limits of the earth all the people danced and feasted just to forget its hardships, its horrors and the human flocks that were slaughtered without any reason or purpose. Only our soldiers were still fighting far away in Asia Minor, on its inhospitable mountains and shedding their blood on its wild plains. From time to time, the British fleet anchored in the Bosphorus would send out one of its ships on a secret mission. Then the British Commander in Charge of the Naval Base at Tophane would call me and say: "At such time you'll be onboard the Iron Duke" or, let's say, "on destroyer I-200.

And I knew. We would go to the assistance of my brothers fighting in Asia Minor. Sometimes we would blow up ammunition stored in a deserted port on the coast of the Black Sea, so that it would not fall into the hands of Kemal, or we would assist Greek troops land in Raideostos. I used to get ready in a hurry, full of pride and secrecy. I would tell my people that I was to be on night duty and that they shouldn't worry. At the fixed hour, not a minute earlier or later, I would step on the deck of the warship where I was needed as an interpreter. Those were good times.

One day, at noon,—it must have been the summer of 1920—the Commander of the Naval Base called me and said:

"At six you'll be on destroyer I-14. The ship is going out on a secret mission. You'll be absent at least two days and nights. This time is worth while. Good luck!"

This last sentence, full of significance, amidst the typical words of the British commander, filled me with expectancy.

At six sharp I was on board the destroyer. The officer on duty, a youngish red-haired Scotchman with a face covered with red freckles, came forward to meet me as soon as I set my foot on board. We went together to the bar of the vessel and had a whiskey of "welcome", then wandered up and down the deck talking about our countries and war. Then he took me on the bridge where—he told me—I would spend the night.

We had already set off and the destroyer was doubling the Cape of Sarai Bournou. The sun was setting behind the domes and mosques of Constantinople and a gold-red halo spread over the long, narrow, seven-hilled silhouette of the city making it look a distant country in an eastern fairy-tale.

We ran out into the Propontis passing in the distance the Island of Prinkipos on whose blurred outlines more and more tiny lights played like pearl studs. Thin clouds had gathered on the sky. From the heights of the atmosphere darkness was falling hurriedly on the sea while black veils unfolding upwards wrapped the world. The distant vision of the City completely faded away, the shore and mountains of the East vanished and shortly even the Islands were lost in distance. Now you couldn't even see the prow or the poop of the destroyer or the men on duty who stood motionless at their posts. Darkness had enveloped everything and the ship was sailing in complete blackout.

I was sitting in a corner of the bridge musing over the words of the Commander of the Base at Tophane. "This time it is worth while". In another corner, two young officers were stooping over a map tracing the route of the vessel. A weak camouflaged light fell on the bookstand where the chart was opened. In its meagre reflection, I distinguished the Commander of the destroyer in the middle of the bridge, erect, square-shouldered, motionless as if he had taken roots. I imagined the calm, serious look on his face as I had seen it earlier in the afternoon. Blond, shaggy eyebrows shaded his eyes and British decisiveness was stamped on his strong chin. He was one of those typical, middle-aged British seamen who, standing confident and phlegmatic on the bridge of their vessels, pilot them through gales and storms, through the fury of unleashed devils and thousand-mouthed, howling fiends that spring up from the depths of the sea against them; and they always give you the impression of coming out victorious from the battle.



This time, however, we met no heavy seas. The Propontis, dark under the overcast sky, stirred softly at the sides of the vessel that cut the water deftly as if gliding on the sea. You could only hear the heavy breathing of the engine, and from time to time, a signal of whistling and the wind sweeping over the deck and masts. A few sailors moved like shadows about the deck uttering monotonous words which came in broken sounds up to the bridge and died away in the darkness.

A few hours went by. I was dozing wrapped in my overcoat. Suddenly, the rumble of the engine changed. I woke up. We were entering a port. The anchor was dropped. The outline of a larger vessel appeared near our ship. I went down on deck. I asked no questions of the officer on duty, but he told me out of politeness:—We are in Moudania.

I leaned against the bulkwarks and tried to distinguish in the dark this port of the East which I had not seen since my childhood. No light appeared on the shore, only now and then, in the background of the horizon, far off to the East, the sky seemed to light up in a white-bluish glare shortly followed by a rumbling sound.

"It must be the sound of guns. May the Holy Virgin be with you, boys," I said to myself making the sign of the cross.

A small motor-launch came up briskly to the side of the vessel. Our Commander went down the rope-ladder, boarded the launch, which moved away quickly disappearing in the night. The whistle of the officer on duty in greeting of the visitor was heard from the other vessel.

When around a quarter of an hour later the Commander returned to the ship, he had a large gray envelope in his hand. He went immediately up to the bridge. Orders were given, the engine was started and the vessel sailed off again.

As I leaned against the bulwarks, my mind wandered down there toward the East where a white, bluish glimmer spread over the black sky.

When we were out in the open seas again, the Commander sent somebody to call me to the bridge. He showed me a loud-speaker placed near the seat I was to occupy.

—Your turn has come, young Greek—he said. Nothing else.

The voyage continued. The destroyer was sailing at full speed on the dark seas. It would suddenly change its route, move close to the mainland of the East near by, then strike out again for the open seas without a light, I would say without a sound. Only from time to time, a powerful searchlight lit up suddenly at the poop of the vessel, shed its rays in a circle on a wide strip of the deserted sea and went out to light up in a few minutes and go out again.

"What are we looking for?" I asked myself but the question rose to my lips without being uttered. I had worked some years with the British and knew well that the fewer questions you put to them the better they like you.

At long last, the British Commander who had not uttered a word for hours, made up his mind to speak. He suddenly turned toward me and asked:

— Young Greek, do you know what "humor of life" means?

I thought over a moment the strangeness of his question. I remembered the words of the Commander of the Base at Tophane.

— Yes, Commander, I replied. For me humor of life means to be here now, at this moment which might be the most decisive one in my life, to feel that it is so, not know what is going on, and not be able to ask what it is all about.

— Yes, my boy, he replied with a hidden smile at my slyness. You are right. It may be that in a little while you will experience the great moment of your life and your name will be written in the history of your country, side by side with so many thousands of glorious names that no other history can boast of. Just think! Thousands of officers must be dreaming of acquiring glory by capturing Kemal; but, just because of the humor of life, this feat may be accomplished by a mere boy like you. Just for the sake of fun."

I jumped up.

— What!, I cried out, capture Kemal alive? We? . . .

— Yes, just that. The Greek army has surrounded a large contingent of the Turkish forces near Proussa. There is information that Kemal with his staff is among them. If this news is true, things are pretty bad for the Turks; there is nothing Kemal can do except escape by sea on a small motor-launch or a caique to Constantinople. So, we are giving him chase. If we are lucky, we'll capture him.

As if regretting of having said too much, he turned his back to me, lit his pipe and spoke no more. Only when the searchlight was turned on again, he raised his binoculars and searched the sea in a circle. I was standing at his side trying to pierce with my eyes the gloom of the horizon where the rays of the searchlights faded away.

And the searchlight lit up and went out again and again and the ship glided on the sea cutting the water like a sharp knife. The sea swelled and foamed at the poop, spraying the bridge with a drizzle of brine which refreshed our faces. The wind whizzed over our heads like thousands of bullets. Time went by.

Suddenly the rays of the searchlight revealed a large caique at a half-mile's distance, its sails full in the wind. The Commander of the destroyer ordered the helmsman to change the route of the destroyer, the searchlight was kept on and in a little while we were close to the caique.

— Ask the people on board to stop, said the Commander to me.

I took the loudspeaker and shouted in Turkish.

— This is a British warship. Pull down the sails.

Three men were standing on deck. They obeyed immediately. We fell alongside the caique. A few sailors and an officer, all carrying arms, and I at the side of the officer went down a rope-ladder on the caique and started the search. The vessel was a large Greek wine-transport caique, loaded with empty drums. No Turk seemed to be about. We returned on board after our unsuccessful search. I went up to the bridge and told the Commander that the men on the caique were Gereks.

— Tell them to go to the nearest shore and continue their voyage in the morning, he said.

I took the loudspeaker and transmitted his order. — Farewell, boys, I shouted.



— Farewell, Master, they replied while starting to hoist their sails.

The searchlight was extinguished and the destroyer sailed off.

The hours went by. Three or four times we met caiques, small or large, Greek or Turkish. We searched them from deck to hold, but they were innocent things, wine transport or fishing boats. No trace of Kemal was to be found. I was raging. We must find him! We'll capture him! If I had not been ashamed of the British Commander who stood rooted like a plane tree coolly pulling at his pipe, and the young officers who stopped every now and then over their chart like astronomers in search of new stars on the vault of the heaven, I would have walked up and down the bridge to let off steam and give vent to my bad temper.

Suddenly as the searchlight was switched on a small caique, a fishing-boat loaded to capacity appeared very close to the right. Only one man was on board, holding the rudder in his left hand and wielding his only sail with the right. We fell alongside it immediately. From the bridge of the destroyer, the fishing boat looked like a tiny toy stuck on the upright iron prow of the vessel. It was loaded with all kinds of vegetables. No soul seemed to be about except the skipper, a stalwart, handsome, well-built fellow, wearing the black turban of the Turks from Pontos on his head, high boots and short breeches, and a wide red girdle round his waist where glittered the edge of a poniard and the handle of a gun. Two rows of cartridges were fastened diagonally on his breast over his black shirt. As the rays of the searchlight showered a rain of gold over him, I could see all the details of his tanned face. He did not look like a fisherman or a merchant; he had such a stately, proud figure. He frowned, blinded by the strong light, and his two black eyebrows met in a stubborn line over his well cut nose. His mustache curled boldly at the corners of his lips.

— Ask him who he is, where he comes from and where he goes, said the Englishman.

— Who are you, where do you come from and where are you going, I asked in Turkish through the loudspeaker.

— I am a Turkish skipper from Pontos, I come from Aretsou. As you can see, I have goods and am taking them to Istanbul for sale.

I translated his answer in English.

— Tell him that we'll search his boat, so if he is concealing anything he'd better show it.

I shouted the order in Turkish through the loudspeaker. The light showed every line of the Turk's face which he turned up toward me although he couldn't see me.

— Are you blind?, he replied angrily. My vessel is just a fishing boat carrying only vegetables; I have no hold.

He kicked a basket of tomatoes with his boot upsetting the basket. The round red fruits rolled on the deck glistening in the light among the other vegetables. Five or six of them slipped overboard and fell into the sea.

I got nettled. The dirty Turk! I transmitted his answer to the British Commander pointing out his surly manner.

— Tell him to go ashore and continue his trip

tomorrow, said the Englishman quietly.

I raised the loudspeaker and repeated the order in Turkish in a severe tone.

— For pity's sake, Mr. Interpreter, replied the Turk in a pleading tone this time. Tell him that my goods will rot if I have to wait one more day to sell them and I'll be ruined.

I interpreted his plea to the Commander.

— Tell the goddamned bastard to go ashore!, repeated the Englishman in the same quiet tone, or else I will sink his boat.

That was just what I wanted. Who cared for the goods of the dirty Turk!... In stronger terms, from my "eminent" position on the bridge of the destroyer, I hurled down the abusive language of the British Commander through my loudspeaker at the Turk as if I were insulting all Turks and their race who fought against us.

— Kiopoglou kiopek!! . . . You dog! You son of a bitch, you! . . . Do as you're told if you do not want to have your boat sunk and look sharp about it! . . .

The insult was heavy.

The Turk pressed his lips together. Before thinking twice, recklessly, boldly, he let go the corner of the sail he held in his right hand which he lowered to his belt, and drawing his gun stretched out his arm raising it toward the bridge which he could not see.

All men at the prow and the bridge fell down on their faces to protect themselves from the bullets of the Turk, except the Commander who remained standing motionless like a rooted tree as before, and myself, from ignorance.

A few seconds went by. The Captain of the fishing-boat did not shoot. He remained with his arm outstretched, his gun pointed at the bridge of the destroyer.

Suddenly in the projected rays of the searchlight appeared menacing and sombre the prow gun of the destroyer. Its muzzle was lowered slowly, slowly against the fishing-boat on whose poop the plucky Turk was still standing.

No order was given, only the hissing of the wind sweeping over the endless expanse of waters was heard.

I had turned toward the Englishman looking him full in the face. A slight smile hovered at the corner of his lips which still held the pipe. Humor.

Taking the pipe slowly out of his mouth, he told me quietly:

— Let him go! . . . He deserves it! . . .

\* \* \*

We did not find Kemal after all, and I became no hero nor will the history of my glorious country mention my name among so many famous names.

We searched in vain two days and nights.

\* \* \*

All the same I'll never forget the two proud figures of this story, the British Commander of His Majesty's destroyer and the Turkish Captain who sailed his caique carrying a poniard in his belt. And I'll always love them, as I love the sea whose voice I first heard calling me in the small house where I was born, built on the rock of the islet—the little village resting forlornly on it must now lie abandoned and desolate in the arms of the blue Propontis.

(Translated by Miss Electra N. Goudis from the book of D. Economides "The Street with the Cobble-Stones".





THE AGORA IN ANCIENT ATHENS,  
Restored by the American School.

(Courtesy PROF. R. M. ROBINSON)



# The Greeks In The Fur Business

By THEODORE GIANAKOULIS

In the fur industry, one of the earliest and most adventurous of trades, which caused those interested and occupied in it to explore new regions for fur bearing animals for their pelts, long the field of many industrial conflicts, normally employing about 15,000 workers and manufacturing 1,000,000 garments annually, with an estimated \$500,000,000 value of the apparel, the Greeks though somewhat late comers are not in the least new comers.



TH. GIANAKOULIS

Previous to 1900, they were not so numerous in this country, and only few were engaged in the fur industry, although one could have found them actively engaged in this particular industry in virtually every part of the Ottoman Empire, and every fur center of continental Europe. Thereafter, a continuous stream of immigration from Greece, particularly the town of Kastoria, and the nearby town of Siatista, in South Western Macedonia, where for many generations, "the natives of these towns were born to speak with a fur knife in their hands," poured into the United States, especially the fur industry of New York, bringing with them considerable knowledge of the trade along with their enthusiasm and vitality characteristics of these sturdy Greeks of the north.

In the early immigration period these new comers in the field were the only Greek immigrant group coming to our shores with a ready trade, but due to lack of capital, the majority of them, were forced to specialize in lines requiring small amounts of capital, their craftsmanship being that of making garments out of what is known in the trade as "fur piece." After accumulating sufficient funds, however, they began entering high class lines, and in less than half century there isn't a line in the industry in which they are not actively engaged. This is indeed an achievement to their credit. Theirs was no bed of roses. In their field there is always keen competition, and when they entered it as immigrants, half century ago, they had to reckon with the skilled craftsmanship of the merchants of the Kremlin, St. Petersburg and Nigna-Novograd, Leipzig, Berlin and Paris, who were already firmly established. But they were resolute people, these Samaras and Vantas, the Nicolis, the Voziou, the Delinanos and the Pappas and legions of others, and by their undaunted perseverance and industry, and their inviolate business ethics, to-day they command the respect of all, as first rate manufacturers and skilled workers and it is generally admitted that they deserve a good deal of credit for their ingenuity and progress, and the rapidity with which they have grown to become a

force and a factor in the field, and they are at the same time recognized for their charity and generosity to both Greek and Jew alike.

\* \* \*

With approximately 10,000 population, 2850 feet above sea level, Kastoria is situated along side the lake Orestias, on the neck of a four mile peninsula. Its picturesque little houses mirrored in the waters of this beautiful lake, crowded push one another downhill on a pedestal boldly advancing into the lake. It is a thriving town, exporting lumber, leather, fish, rugs and other items, and has the appearance of a Byzantine town with its many churches and narrow streets. It is surrounded by deeply wooded and vegetated mountains, the countryside dotted with picturesque little villages with winding old Turkish streets, and innumerable Byzantine churches.

The lake is encircled by willows, swaying reeds, and cypresses standing sentinels against stern limestone mountains and shutting off the horizons. Against the imposing mountain range of the Grammos mountains, the landscape though austere, is stunningly beautiful and it alone could be sufficient to attract the tourist and traveler and the hunter of game, animals or birds: ducks, will geese, woodcocks and partridge.

Kastoria's fame however, is not in the least due to its natural beauty, but rather almost exclusively to the rare and remarkable art of its people. Virtually the whole population is, and has been for many generations, engaged in the fur industry, and this could apply to Siatista as well, except for the fact that the latter town is situated on the peak of the mountain range, and its inhabitants have always pursued other occupations, besides the fur trade.

For centuries indigenous skins of fox, — red Balkan fox, — famous the world over, wolf, stone marten, weasel, and especially castor or vitra, a beaver type squirrel-like amphibian with soft velvety pelt, processed and finished in Greek houses, adorned the nobility of Europe. More recently, however, due to the wars and various other causes, lack of fur bearing animals on the surrounding mountains, forced the Greek furriers to seek skins for their trade from other sources. These merchants scout the fur centers of the world, buying skins or 'fur-pieces' and shipping them to their native towns, where they are assorted, processed and finished and turned into a useful apparel or into "fur strips" ready to be exported to the various fur markets of the world. Before World War II, the "fur pieces" were imported from fur centers in Europe, after the war, 99 per cent are imported from the New York fur market.

More than two thousand so called "mastoroi," or fur experts, among whom are to be found quite a large number of "spinting ladies," are exclusively



engaged in the painstaking occupation of selecting, matching, cutting, refitting and scientifically sewing the scorned and discarded "fur-pieces" brought to them from America, and when finished, form "fur-strips" or squares, uniform and identical to the pelt of the animal. These "fur-strips" or squares, if not designed and turned into garments for local markets, will eventually find their way to the fur markets of Leipzig, Paris, London or New York.

In the processes of finishing the product, master skill and first rate craftsmanship is essential, as well as complete familiarity of pelt of all fur bearing animals the world over. To accomplish his task the Greek furrier puts into action his rare and remarkable skill and craftsmanship acquired through the centuries, and handed down to him through the years from generation to generation and from father to son. Although besides Kastoria and Siatista a number of other fur centers have appeared, as that of Yannena in Epirus, and that of Athens where today one finds flourishing fur centers, undoubtedly Kastoria has been and still remains the heart of the fur activity in Greece, and the Kastorian the master furrier.

Legend tells that prophet Elias upon his visit to Kastoria was presented with a fur coat as the towns gift to the saint by the natives "to protect himself from the cold of the north". Another version tells that the prophet blessed the city to prosper and to flourish, and upon his ascension to heaven left his fur coat in trust with the natives, with the understanding that he is to "pick up" upon his return on the second Judgment Day. Prophet Elias is the patron saint of Kastoria; highly revered and regarded as the protector of their art. On his name day (July 20th) special mass is conducted in his honor and no one works.

During the thousand years of the Byzantine Empire, Macedonia and more specifically the town of Kastoria, was famous for "its leather and silver works," and to this day one may see the ruins on the west side of the town where the works were sheltered. Times were when, after the fall of the Byzantine Empire (1453), furs processed and finished in Greek houses adorned the Sultans and pashas of the Ottoman Empire. Under Sultan Selim the II, and Murat III, furriers enjoyed many privileges and were in cordial terms with the Porte, "for their trading with Russia." During this period we find Manolakis Kastorianos, (the Kastorian) who lived in the 17th century, in cordial relations and highly respected by Sultan Mahmout the 4th, who honored him with the title 'protomastoras' that is master or central figure of the fur trade in Constantinople. Manolakis was very influential with the Sultan and was instrumental in the successful completion of a number of educational and religious institutions for the Christian population of enslaved Greece.

After thorough investigation of official records, John Tozis, a Greek-American writer, who is also connected with the fur trade in New York, and to whom I am indebted for valuable information on the subject, ascertained the fact that two Greek fur houses, were in full operation in the city of New York, in the early '90's of the last century. One of them was headed by Konstantine Perpesas, a native of Siatista who came from Leipzig, Germany, where for years

had conducted fur business in partnership with one Moustafa, also a Siatistan, and the other by Vasilios Skaperdas, a native of Kastoria, who came here "to look over what's doing in the fur line," and buy some skins imported at this time mostly from Leipzig, and the numerous Russian fur centers.

Realizing the possibilities the field offered, they remained here and in the ensuing years Skaperdas brought to America his two nephews: Apostolos and Theocharis Skaperdas, who conducted fur business for over a quarter of a century. Years later Perpesas returned to Leipzig, Germany, and the elder Skaperdas died at the port of Piraeus, while on his way to his native Kastoria.

Subsequently there came to these shores the Samaras Bros., Naoum, John and Spyros, who were followed by their three nephews: Thomas, Antonis and Christos Demou, known in the industry by the trade name of Diamon Bros., long the leaders in the field as importers, exporters and fur merchants, who formed a chain of stores and were later well established in London.

Up to 1905 the fur industry, yet in its infancy, was centered downtown in the Greenwich Village section, on Bleecker, Wooster, Spring, Bond and adjacent side streets. Many of the early Greek furriers, however, settled in the Midtown section of the city, on 23rd and 30th Sts., between the 6th and 8th Avenues where the industry shifted and is centered at present. Among the first to establish stores in the Midtown section was John Samaras, and later the Pappas Bros. (Papanoum). Christos Pappas, one of the three brothers was the founder of the Bento Bros. and Pappas Corp., an outstanding fur house in the field around the '20's and '30's.

At the turn of the century two outstanding houses were established in New York, that of John D. Doykos and that of Papadina Bros., and eventually became 'the clearing houses' and 'schools' for many immigrant 'newcomers' in the industry. In the ensuing years, Doykos Furriers, Inc., established branches in several European cities. The Greeks and more particularly the Kastorians and Siatistans were more than active in the fur industry, now they were part of it, and every day 'newcomers' from all parts of Greece were invading the field which was now spreading to every city and town of the nation, especially Chicago, where the second largest fur center has been established.

Delinanos Bros. with branches in several cities of Europe, introduced, at this time (1919), electric power in fur sewing, which was soon adopted by many other Greeks making the sewing much more endurable. Up to this time foot power was in use. At about the same time Liakou Bros., took up the Seal dyed muskrat known as Hudson seal. To mention only few: Vanta Bros., Voziou Bros., Langa Bros., L. Coch and Co., Alexander Bros., Nicolis Bros., Bakalis Bros., Avazis Bros., Harry Demetriou and Co., John Bendo and Sons, Stathis Bros., James Otas Co., Acme Fur Co., Quality Fur, Inc., Day Bros., Siberian Fur Co., American Fur House, successors to Argus Fur Co., Demotsis, Rozakis and Tsanos, are some of the most outstanding fur houses that sprang up in the ensuing years. In the last two decades, in the fur dyeing branch of the industry, several concerns have appeared among them: Windsor Fur Dyers, Limited, under Hatzigianis Bros., natives of Siatista,



and Bardax and Sons, natives of Smyrna, are the leaders in the field.

Some of the above mentioned houses maintain branches and factories in native towns, and nearly all are in professional contact with various European fur centers, especially Paris, London and Leipzig, where Kastorian furriers, through the years have established fur centers and founded communities with social and benevolent societies as for instance: "ORESTIAS" of Paris, "KELETRON" of Leipzig, "KASTORIA" of Damascus, and "OMONOIA" of New York, the latest and largest.

By the charter granted on Nov. 16, 1925, when the industry was at its peak, the Greek-American fur employers of Greater New York, organized into the United Fur Manufacturers Ass'n, (370 - 7th Ave.,) for the express purpose of (1) preventing and settling labor disputes, (2) providing its members with credit information, (3) collecting delinquent accounts, and (4) providing free legal advice to the membership. At about the same time, (1925) the Greek-American fur workers of the Metropolitan area, united for obvious reasons into an organization of their own: "Greek Fur Workers Union Local 70," affiliated originally with the A. F. of L. and more recently with the C.I.O., and which eventually was absorbed, but not without a struggle, by the Furrier's Joint Council of N. Y.

According to information supplied by Peter Nicholas, actuary of the United Fur Manufacturers Ass'n, there are approximately seven thousand Greek-Americans occupied in the fur industry throughout

the nation, of which number 85 per cent are in the New York area. The industry is primarily centered in New York, and to a lesser degree in Chicago, while costume stores and retail and repair shops are to be found in nearly every city of the country. The Greek-American represents a 12 to 15 per cent of the total activity in the industry, producing apparel, the retail value of which is estimated at about 30 million dollars annually. The peak of prosperity in the industry was around the '20's and '30's, during which period over five and a half thousand Greek-Americans were occupied in the industry in the Metropolitan area alone. The 'ups and downs' of the industry reflects and virtually affect every Orthodox community, to which the fur workers are not only members but generous contributors as well.

The Greek-Americans in general have always been an important element in our American 'melting pot,' and in particular the Kastorian, Siatistan and other Greek furriers are among our most valued citizens. By their devotion, loyalty and patriotism, and their industriousness and sense of community responsibility they have set a splendid example for all civic-minded citizens to follow. Greece is glad to have sent them to the new world, and America is proud indeed, of her sons of Greek descent, who by their industry, loyalty and devotion, have long been an inspiration and a model for all true Americans.

<sup>1</sup> See: "The Truth about the Conflict between the Furrier's Joint Council and the Greek Fur Worker's Union Local 70" by John Tozis, N. Y., 1936.

## PLOUGHING OF WRATH

BY GEORGE CANELLOS (Phoebus Delphis)

I dig in the wind and dig in the soil  
I have dug above and dug beneath  
in a ploughing of wrath  
in a night of death . . .

I have dug in the wind, in the rocks  
and dug the sea and the water,  
my shovel brought up frogs.  
Every digging was a loss of time.

I dug in the wind the fields of pain  
and instead of growing pearls and gold,  
fire and ashes  
the spite of the labour.—

The viper hissed, the lion roared  
the wheat was lost,  
and all the time, all the time,  
you dont see, you dont hear the terrible ploughing. . .

Fire and ashes,  
labour's spite  
and blood and sweat  
dreadful.—

Translator: PETROS DELIJIANNIS





# GREEK VASES



This remarkable Vase is in the Athens Museum



This is from an Amphora which is now at Providence. It shows Artemis about to pick an arrow. The figure has solemnity and a statuesque quality.



Sotades' signature on a vase meant a lot in antiquity. This one is in the form of a knuckle bone, and is now in London. It shows young girls dancing and floating through the air. The dance of the clouds. Few artists have attained the lightness of touch he here displays.



# Demetra Vaka's Autobiography

(Continuing the Fascinating Story of the late Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown)  
America's exotic writer of Greek descent).

## CHAPTER IX.

### MORE DISTRACTIONS

Uncle Theodore looked up from his plate and smiled at his wife: "I have to leave tonight for Moscow and St. Petersburg, to be gone several weeks. Here is your chance to visit your relatives in Rumania and Serbia. It will do the little one good to see new places. My man, George, and his wife will make your travelling easy.

That is how my first journey through the Balkans came about. My second, on mule and horseback, is described in "In the Heart of the Balkans;" but this first one was a delightful preface, made luxurious by plenty of money, and by two capable people to wait on us.

We embarked for Odessa, and my cousin, Achilles, on bidding me goodbye, admonished: "Be sure to see the house where Tolstoi wrote his 'Sebastopol Stories.'"

"You have never shown me the house in which he lived here," I reproached him.

"He lived in no house here. He was fighting in the Crimean War. That's how he came to write 'War and Peace.'"

On the morrow of our arrival at the great Ukranian seaport of Odessa, Aunt Eulalie told me we were going on a pilgrimage. In silence she held my hand while we drove to a certain place and alighted. "It is here, little one, that three Greeks: Skoufas Tsakalos, and Anagnostopoulos, created the Philiki Hetaireia, in 1814, and started the revolution for Greek independence."

She bent and kissed the ground, murmuring: "May their souls be blessed!"

I, too, kissed the ground most fervently, and took an oath to myself to do my utmost for my still unliberated countrymen.

Aunt Eulalie was wiping her eyes, and I was shaken with emotion, as we regained the carriage. She told the coachman to drive around the city; for she was eager to show me the sights of her birthplace. Unfortunately neither she nor the coachman knew where Tolstoi had lived. She pointed out one handsome building after another with pride. "The coast of the Black Sea is more advanced than the rest of Russia—perhaps because our people are so numerous here," she ended with simple Greek boastfulness.

We sailed next to Constanza, the port of Rumania. The trip was a rough one, the Black Sea living up to its bad reputation, but neither Aunt Eulalia nor I minded. We had our meals on deck, auntie telling me about Rumania, which she knew well. Her mother had been born there, like many of her forbears, the Greek Phanariots who had ruled Wallachia and Moldavia under the sultan.

Usually gay and tolerant, Aunt Eulalie was bitter toward the Rumanians: "They speak of their Greek

rulers as if the money raised for the sultan was not his due tribute. They forget that, thanks to their ability, the heavy hand of the Turk never fell upon them, as it did upon the rest of the Balkans. And when Wallachia and Moldavia were united to form Rumania, it started ahead of the other Balkan countries, due to the culture of the Greeks.

"They are an ungrateful people. Look at the way they treated Couza, their own first prince, an able and a patriotic man. They complained that he ruled autocratically. How else could he rule, with the bulk of the nation composed of illiterate peasants? But that was not their real objection. They wanted some one of 'royal' blood, connected with the reigning dynasties of Europe. So they plotted against Couza; and Bratianu, the chief conspirator, went to Germany to ask Bismarck for a prince from the house of Hohenzollern." Aunt Eulalie sneered: "They wanted to replace a Rumanian of long an-



DEMETRA VAKA IN NEW YORK

cestry, with a Hohenzollern, who are nothing but upstarts, who not long ago were mere Electors of Brandenburg, subject to the King of Poland.

"Bismarck, who was building the German Empire, saw the advantage of having a Hohenzollern in this part of the world. He offered them Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, twenty-seven years old and an officer in the Prussian dragoons. And he counselled Charles to start immediately. 'If you are once in Rumania, the matter will be settled. The powers will protest, but a paper protest is nothing.' He further advised Charles to travel under an assumed name, second class, 'and don't worry about what Austria may do. I will keep her busy,' which he did by attacking her and taking another slice of Silesia.

"Meanwhile in Bucharest the other conspirators forced their way into Couza's bed-room and made him sign his abdication. They took him from the palace by a back door, and drove him out of Rumania in a closed coupé. And never was he allowed to reenter the country, in spite of his plead-



ing that he be permitted to return as a private citizen.

"But remember, little one, never refer to the Rumanians as Balkan people. They wish to be considered Latin and European—as if anyone could mistake them for a virile Balkan race."

By the time we disembarked in Constanza, I knew quite a little about the country. We were met by relatives, and taken to their home. Since there were other guests, I slept on the sofa in Aunt Eulalie's room, and thus came even closer to her.

As we were having breakfast in bed the next morning, she exploded once more: "They call their capital a second Paris. Bucharest is second—second-rate. If they would think of themselves as emerging from centuries of Turkish domination, they might develop along their own lines, instead of trying to ape the French."

In the afternoon I was taken for a walk and found Constanza a most animated city, its port filled with ships carrying away the wheat which was then the source of its riches.

One morning as Aunt Eulalie was telling me more about the Greek Hospodars who had ruled Wallachia and Moldavia, she remarked reflectively: "They were brilliant, but not always wise. That is the trouble with our race, little one. We are intelligent and gifted, but we lack wisdom." Her lovely face became sombre. "That is what ails my Achilles, who was placeed in my arms before I was seventeen. The touch of him made me forget the long three days of suffering that had preceeded his birth. That wrinkled, hairless, helpless creature was a miracle to me, and I cried from sheer joy of holding him. And when his little mouth sought my breast for sustenance, I was glorified. I have had six more children, and probably shall have others, but Achilles remains the child of my heart. I love him so intensely that the sound of his voice thrills me. And somehow I have a presentiment that his life will be tragic. It was bad enough when he did not want to enter his father's business, but now it is worse. He refuses to marry, and declares that he is 'dedicated.'"

"Oh, Aunt Eulalie, he is so happy working for humanity."

She shook her head. "Your Uncle Theodore is a wise man. He says you cannot hurry Time. Russia is destined to become the greatest nation of the world. She has the resources and the people. But it will take time. England needed centuries to reach her present state, and compared to Russia, England is like an ant to a giant."

"Aunt Eulalie, Achilles says that the lower classes in England also are down-trodden, and that the Russian workmen will break their fetters."

Aunt Eulalie chuckled. "Your uncle is right. Achilles has been inoculating you with the Plekhanov virus. Never mind, little one, your uncle will save him from this second folly. He is sending him to England on business, ostensibly for a few weeks, which will be prolonged until he learns something about England's ways."

"Oh, Aunt Eulalie," I implored, "you are not going to kill this dream, too, as you killed the first?"

"Kill?" she gasped. "What are parents for, if not to safeguard their children from their follies?"

"Was it a folly to want to be an architect?" Now he wants to help humanity. Is that a folly?"

"You little goose! The way to help humanity is for each of us to attend, with justice, to our own affairs. Achilles will best do that at the side of his father. Look at your uncle. He supports the causes he understands and approves of. You can't help humanity at large that you don't know anything about."

Still I was not convinced. It seemed to me so much more wonderful to help humanity as a whole, rather than just a few people around you. The temptation to stay with my aunt perished then. They would stifle me, if I were their child. For the moment I even felt animosity toward her—only one could never harbor resentment against Aunt Eulalie. She was the loveliest woman it was ever my fate to meet. She emanated sunshine, and with the exception of the Rumanians she never spoke unkindly of anyone.

\* \* \*

Our next stop was the capital of Rumania, Bucharest, where other relatives met us and took us to their home. I shared the room of the daughter, Marie. Though only fourteen, she was a marvelous gossip, and told me who was paying court to whom, and who was in love with whom. "Our queen is Carmen Silva, you know. She writes stories, and her court is like a story-book. She surrounds herself with the daughters of the best families, dressed in the old native costumes. Next year I shall become one of them. Mother is already having my costumes embroidered."

"But how can you? You are Greek, not Rumanian."

"Silly! Didn't I say that the daughters of the best families are the ladies in waiting? Aren't the best families Greek?"

Little Marie was far more wordly-wise than my aunt. She read novels by a French writer called



"West Cairns," where Demetra Vaka went as a bride. One mile west of the University of Virginia, it was built by Kenneth Brown and his brother-in-law, H. B. Boone, with three Negro stone masons, at \$2 a day, and a few helpers, at 50c a day. The rock was all hauled up by the farm teams, pretty well clearing the farm of rocks. The plans were worked out by the family, and put into final shape by Dick Shawe, the county surveyor, on the back of some flour bags. Half the house was built one year; then the family moved in, and finished the other half the next year.



"Gyp," and lent me one, which I could not understand until Marie pointed out its implications. "It is a dirty book," I declared.

"You are a pig. You will never be liked by men—and that is the greatest fun in the world."

In the morning she had lessons, which I shared. In the afternoon we drove out to see the sights of Bucharest, which to me was not at all second-rate. On the contrary I fell in love with the Rumanian capital. It seemed like a large bird which had alighted on the banks of the Dimbovitza. It had spacious squares, and the metal cupolas of its hundred churches twinkled in the sunlight as if they were moving.

We also drove out to the Danube. "It isn't as beautiful as the Bosphorus," I commented.

Marie laughed scornfully. "Our Danube is two thousand miles long. Your Bosphorus is only five."

"Sixteen," I corrected.

"Our Danube has three hundred tributaries. How many has your Bosphorus?"

I humbly admitted that it had none.

"And you dare compare it to our Danube?" (The Rumanians always spoke of "our Danube," as if no other country bordered on it.)

We always lunched alone. One afternoon we were to go to a party. She brought forth three gowns and inspected them.

"I'll wear this yellow one. Michael Dukas likes me in yellow. You must not wear a gown that will clash with mine."

"I have only two, and they are both white."

She stared at me. "Do you mean to tell me that with your pale face, and those black eyes, you are going to wear **white**? You will look like a fly in a saucer of milk."

"I am in mourning," I protested.

"You will do as you are told. Anyway it's time you should learn something. Auntie says you know nothing outside of books"

She rang for my aunt's Anetta. "I want you to adjust one of my dresses for her." She brought forth a soft green organdie, and laid it next to her yellow dress. "They go well together. Try it on."

Anetta sided with her, and at the party I was dressed in the soft green gown. It was a lovely party. The boys kissed the hands of the girls, and paid them compliments, like grown-ups.

"There is Michael," Marie whispered, as a tall, dark boy with a rich head of hair came toward us. I thought she would be glad to see him, considering that she had dressed to please him. Instead she fanned herself languidly, and murmured:

"Michael, I do not wish to be monopolized."

She shone like a planet, and sparkled in her talk. I should have liked to stick close to her, to listen. However, all the Rumanian girls were more or less like her, and I might have felt unhappy at my own dumbness, had I not been enjoying myself so much. Indeed, during our whole stay in Bucharest I was always laughing—to my aunts content. The Rumanians might be ungrateful, and they might refuse to be called Balkans, but they were the gayest and happiest people I have known. Though politically-minded, they were so bubbling with the joy of living that they even were amused at their own political predicaments.

At the military manoeuvres we saw Prince Charles of Hohenzollern—only by now he was called King Carol the First. Aunt Eulalie had said he wasn't much to look at, but to me he was very impressive. Though he had come to Rumania as a second-class traveller, he had won his place through his ability and his prowess as a soldier. In 1876, when Russia attacked the Turks, Prince Charles had brought his army—which he had trained with Hohenzollern thoroughness—to their side. In recompense Russia helped him to obtain Rumanias complete independence from Turkey. And Prince Charles became King Carol.

Gradually also he had taken the country out of her internal bickering and her external obscurity, and had lifted her into a respectable position. To perpetuate his dynasty, he brought his nephew, Ferdinand, from Germany, and made him crown prince. On the day of the manoeuvres, Ferdinand, a youth in his twenties, was riding at his side. Marie whispered that he was in love with one of the ladies-in-waiting, and that the queen favored the match. "Of course we are not going to stand for that," Marie remarked, wagging head. "We must have a royal princess for our future queen."

Prince Ferdinand sat his horse sloppily, and although good-looking, while his uncle was not, it was the uncle who was the more attractive. That crown prince certainly did not have much luck. Obscured by his uncle in his youth, he was later to be eclipsed by his wife, always spoken of as "Marie, Queen of Rumania," as if he were a mere consort.

If King Carol was disappointed in his nephew, it was fortunate he had not the prescience to know what manner of king the latter's son, Carol the Second—with his Lupescu—was to become.

#### CHAPTER X.

#### SERBIA'S SULKY LITTLE KING, AND FOXY FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

It grieved me to leave Rumania. It was such a pleasant land. From it we travelled to Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. The next morning being Sunday we went to the service at the cathedral, which was attended by the thirteen year old king, Alexander Obrenovitch, whose unpopular father had abdicated in his favor a few months before..

My imagination had pictured Alexander as a prince charming. What I saw was an ugly, sour-faced boy, to whom even his suite of stalwart Serbian officers failed to impart royal dignity. He made the sign of the cross perfunctorily, and seemed utterly bored.

We dined at the house of a relative, where the guests discussed the little king: "I don't see how he can be so unattractive," one lady observed, "with such good-looking parents."

"Perhaps he will make a better king because he is ugly," a man hopefully suggested. "Ugly people are often worthier than handsome ones. Let us hope he won't turn out a wastrel and spendthrift like his father."

Another lady volunteered: "I know the officers of his suite are already strongly attached to him."

Yet a decade later, these same officers, driven to desperation by the ugly king's autocratic rule, and



by the intrigues of the woman he had imposed upon them as queen, forced their way into the palace at night, hunted out Alexander and Draga from the clothes-closet where they were hiding, and killed them like rats, together with the brother of Queen Draga, whom she was scheming to make heir to the throne.

But that was to be in 1903. In 1889 Alexander had been king only a few months, and my aunt's relatives, as well as the friends who came to call, spoke well of him, as if by so doing they could conjure up good luck for his reign.

The Serbs were unlike the Rumanians in every respect. Their capital, Belgrade, still reminded one that it had been a Turkish town. The marks of the struggle through which it had passed were not yet effaced; for Serbia, unlike Rumania and Bulgaria, had fought for her independence.

A kindly old colonel at dinner, that first Sunday, took a fancy to me, perhaps because the little girl was so interested in his country and asked him so many questions about it. He begged my aunt to let him show me the sights of Belgrade on the morrow.

After our sight-seeing, he took me to a café, and while we were eating our *yaourt*, he related the struggles of Serbia for her independence, and these became as real to me as those of our own race. My liking for the Serbs grew daily. They were a serious people, and had neither the money nor the inclination to be frivolous. Their way of living was of the simplest, for even the well-to-do had not much. Yet they were hospitable, and invited you to their homes freely, never making excuses for any lack.

With their little boys they were very gentle, constantly laying their hands on their heads, as if they could foresee the first world war when these same boys would rot on the battle-fields of Serbia, and in that terrible retreat through Albania, after fighting desperately in defense of their country.

The Serbs seemed always to be gazing into the distance: at the rapacious and greedy Bulgars, and at the brutal Germans, who twice within a quarter of a century were to destroy all they so painstakingly had achieved since driving the Turks from their land. If the light-heartedness of the Rumanians was pleasing, for the Serbs by admiration grew ever stronger.

Every day my aunt debated with herself whether to go on to Bulgaria, and visit her mother's first cousin, who lived in its capital, Sofia. "If I don't go she will be sure to learn that I have been here, and she will be hurt. No amount of explaining will make it right. Besides, she is old. She may die. Then I shall live in regret. I think we'd better go," she would end with a sigh.

Travelling in the Balkans in 1889 was not comfortable, and Aunt Eulalie loved comfort. But Uncle Theodore's man, George, was resourceful, and chose for us the least uncomfortable way of getting to places. It was late when he reached Sofia, and we did not expect to see Great-aunt Philomene that night; but she was awaiting us in her drawing-room, arrayed in a purple satin gown, and enthroned on a straight-backed chair.

"Well, well, my dear," she greeted her niece, "it's about time you came to pay your respects."

To me she extended a bejewelled hand to kiss; then placed it on my head and invoked the blessing of the Lord upon me.

"Go to your rooms. Hot water will be brought, and in half an hour the evening meal will be served."

She sat at head of the table and placed us on either side of her, her long golden earrings swaying as she turned from one of us to the other. Sharp-featured and inquisitive-eyed, she was young in her movements, and lively in her comments.

The Greeks of Russia, Rumania and Serbia, those of England, France and Spain that I have known, considered themselves primarily Greeks, though they identified themselves with the interests of the country in which they lived. Not so Great-aunt Philomene. She always said "we," in speaking of the Bulgarians, which was the more surprising since the latter are the least-liked people of the Balkans and have always been inimical to Greece. They have an arrogant and exaggerated opinion of their military prowess, and never mention that it was Russia, not they, who fought to create a free Bulgaria.

On that first evening I did not like my aunt's aunt, and hoped we should not stay long. In the morning when she declared that Bulgaria had the best schools in the Balkans, I piped out: "Her best schools are in Philipopolis, Varna, and Anghialos. Those cities were Greek, and the schools were instituted by us."

Her small brilliant eyes rested on me with surprise: "You are an impertinent little thing. Do you want me to admit we took your schools?"

"You did."

Aunt Eulalie sweetly changed the subject. Later, in our room, she sat by me and took my hand. "Little one, you were rude to your great-aunt."

"But she is **terrible!**" I cried. "It is bad enough to have the Bulgarians lie about whatthey have accomplished, but your aunt is a Greek. She shouldn't act like a Bulgarian. After all, the truth is the truth."

Aunt Eulalie smiled. "You will have to learn, little one, that the truth must not be used too freely."

"How can you stand her being so terribly Bulgarian, Aunt Eulalie?"

"You are just as terribly Greek yourself. Now I want you to remember that one does not fight with old people, any more than one fights with babies. The cradle and the grave need love, not argument."

Right after the mid-day meal Aunt Eulalie went to visit a sick friend. Her aunt took her nap, and I my rest. Later Aunt Philomene's maid came to tell me that her mistress wished to see me. With some misgiving I followed the maid, and found Aunt Philomene in her own sitting-room, which was very small, but, as she explained, easier to keep warm in winter. She was seated as usual in a straight-backed chair by the window, working on a piece of tapestry.

"What fine work you are doing," I remarked.

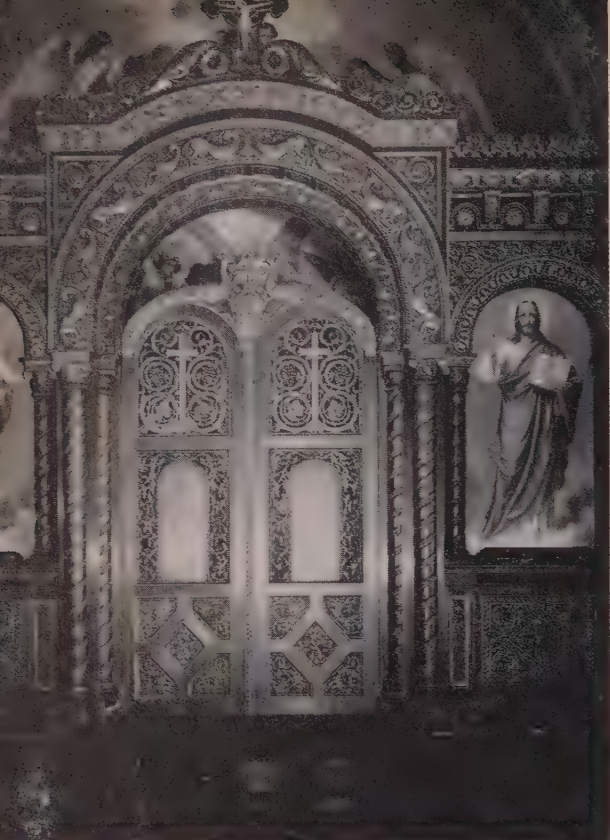
"My eyes are as young as ever. This work fills in the time, and makes me feel less lonely."

"Why do you live alone in this big house?"

She sighed. "Had life been kinder to me I should not be alone. I should have had grand-child-

(Continued on Page 36)





## GREEK ORTHODOX ECCLIASTICAL ART IN AMERICA

C. TRIANTAPHILLOU DOES EXCELLENT WORK  
IN CHICAGO'S ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH

In our last issue we published a section of the work, murals and decoration executed in St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox Church, Chicago, by the well known artist C. Triantaphillou. Mr. Triantaphillou who with his co-worker Kostas Yiavopoulos, specialize in Ecclesiastical art, after the Byzantine tradition have done a number of Greek Orthodox Churches in America which have been praised by church officials and the congregation. Both Triantaphillou and Yiavopoulos have studied in Greece. The latter as a decorator having worked in museums, such as Delphi, etc.

In addition to the murals and the decoration of the inner sanctum, Mr. Triantaphillou also designed a superb Iconostasis for the Chicago church. The Iconostasis is of hand carved oak, done with precision. The Iconostasis as designed by Triantaphillou is in the strict Byzantine order. The beautifully carved central door is shown in somewhat detail on the upper left hand corner. The two icons on either of the portal as well as all icons on the Iconostasis are works of Triantaphillou. The mural on the inner sanctum shell (above) shows the traditional Byzantine Panagia, known as Platytera, surrounded by angels. The representation on the left shows the intricate detail of the mosaic-type decoration, a Triantaphillou process, with the figure of St. Nicholas blending into a harmonious whole.

The Church of St. Nicholas, one of the most beautiful Greek Orthodox Churches in America, has been erected and embellished thanks to the untiring efforts and enthusiasm of its rector, the Rev. Daniel Gambriels, one of the most progressive and active clerics in America.





## ARCHBISHOP MICHAEL OF CORINTH ARRIVES TO ASSUME LEADERSHIP OF GREEK ORTHODOX IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA



ARCHBISHOP MICHAEL

Close to 350 Greek Orthodox Parishes in the United States, including many more in Canada, Mexico and South America, not to mention the other non-Greek Orthodox congregations in this country, welcomed Archbishop Michael, formerly of Corinth and now of North and South America, who arrived recently to assume his duties in New York where the Archdiocese is located.

Archbishop Michael succeeds His Holiness Athenagoras I, who was elected Oecumenical Patriarch, and whose seat is in Constantinople. The Oecumenical Patriarch is the head of all Orthodox Christians in the world, including of course the Russians.

The New Archbishop Michael, is considered a world Orthodox leader. He speaks and writes English fluently.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE OECUMENICAL PATRIARCHATE AT CONSTANTINOPLE WERE BURNED DOWN LAST YEAR. ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE RUINS. SANTA SOPHIA TRADITIONAL CHURCH OF GREEK ORTHODOX PATRIARCHS FOR NINE CENTURIES AFTER BEING USED AS A MOSQUE HAS NOW BEEN CONVERTED INTO A BYZANTINE MUSEUM BY THE TURKS.



# The Forgotten Generation

By ANONYMOUS

How come a charming attractive girl like you isn't married yet?—I had been asked that question, or variations of it, until I swore that some day I would put aside the social amenities and give out with a few plain truths. And one day I did. My questioner, a Greek-American like myself, was startled. He had not of course expected to get the truth in answer to his more or less rhetorical question, but he did recover enough to suggest I write an article on the subject of courtship problems of Greek-Americans for **Athene** magazine.

This is the article. Only I'm not quite sure who my audience is going to be. Certainly not Greek-American men. There is scarcely a word I have to say that they will approve of and they will find plenty to disapprove of. Certainly not the Greek-American woman who believes in acquiring a husband at any cost. Furthermore, I am writing for a specific age level. Not for the old-timers who accepted the ways of the match-maker for better or for worse. And not for the young post-war crowd which has gracefully and effortlessly put aside the old-country traditions and customs to identify itself with the less self-conscious American way of life. I am writing to those of us, men and women, who attained our maturity with the crash of 1929, who struggled bitterly during the depression years and then, as World War II began, saw the young squirts, fresh out of their adolescent diapers, earning more than we were in spite of ten or fifteen years of experience. This is the vintage I belong to and for which I write. Not a lost generation, for we have clung to our ideals more tenaciously than might be expected. But certainly a Forgotten Generation.

In any clime and in this particular age, it is most discouraging to begin life by being born sensitive and intelligent. To be born a woman and intelligent is definitely risky. But to be born a sensitive, intelligent woman and to be born to Greek-Americans,—that is little short of calamity. Because to Greek-Americans the concept of the equality of the sexes is so completely demoralizing that the superior woman is beaten before she begins! I know, for I made the cosmic error of being born with a genius I.Q. I spent my childhood and adolescence in constant inner and often outward rebellion at the deference accorded to the male members of my family even when they were patently in the wrong.

Again and again I was told, "You must give in. You are a girl." But no one ever took time to explain **why** the woman must always give in. To this day, no one ever has. By this time, however, I have developed a strong suspicion of my own: I am convinced it must be the paradoxical union of man's inner insecurity with his muscular superiority. The resultant emotional conflict is just more than the male animal can take. In his struggle to maintain a non-existent superiority over the opposite

sex, he ends up with emotional disturbances which are manifested in all kinds of anti-social behavior. And so, in order to maintain social equilibrium, the woman has to give in. To what end, I might ask cynically? To preserve the human species for the last man-made atom bomb?

At any rate, the Greek-American male finds comfort and solace in the old-country tradition which holds that man exists on some higher level than woman does. It is a convenient tradition, for it covers his own inadequacies, or so he likes to believe. Unfortunately for this "charming and attractive" writer, it is also a tradition which has developed in me a disturbing by-product: a passionate, almost militant sense of justice and fair play. This very sense of justice has at every turn stood in my way where social relations with Greek-Americans have been concerned. And yet it has been the very backbone of my success in my professional life. Even at the risk of being branded a conceited woman, I must say that it has won me the respect and goodwill of my students, my colleagues and my superiors.

But to return to the Forgotten Generation, to the transition group, the children of those emigrants who flooded this country during the first decade or so of the twentieth century. We were the group which began to question the validity of transplanting a small-town European culture into a large forward-looking metropolis and then **stagnating** at that point in our socio-cultural development. We questioned the wisdom of stubbornly ignoring the social changes brought about by World War I in the very home town whose pre-war customs were still being held up to us as models of social behavior. For example, we rejected the time-honored custom of match-making. Marriage as a biological necessity or a social convenience was fundamentally shocking to us. We honestly believed that falling in love was the best insurance for a happy marriage. We were romantic, we were naive, we would get over it—or so our tradition-bound parents—believed. It is true enough that our romanticism has been dimmed and we are not so naive any more. But up to this day it has not been proven to this writer at least that the marriage-broker has been more successful than Cupid in securing marital happiness for her customers.

One of the sorest spots in Greek-American social relations was the problem of "going out." We belonged to the generation which was not allowed to go out as our non-Greek friends were. That is, the girls were not allowed. The boys went. Poor parents. They knew that propinquity was nine-tenths of love and they feared for the honor of their girls—well they might, considering the ignorance in which they allowed their daughters to grow up! But boys will be boys. They did not want to run the risk of being faced with a shot-gun and dragged to the altar just for taking a girl to the movies once or twice.



So they went out with non-Greek girls and the propinquity worked. They married then! In spite of paternal protests and maternal maledictions and general tearing of hair.

Not too long ago, I heard a violent denunciation of these errant boys from a pulpit. I had all I could do to respect the house of God I was in and not return the sermon with a lecture on psychological truth. At that time I had been teaching several years and both my training and my experience had opened my eyes to the untenable stand the old-timers were taking. Why was it so hard for them to understand the reason that drove so many of our boys to marry *αλλόφυλες*. Meanwhile the girls, to whom going out was forbidden, stayed at home and waited for the match-maker.

Unfortunately, I was one of those females who did not just sit and wait. I read. I thought. There was many a *πατροπαράδοτο* bromide my mind refused to accept. One was the good old double standard, whose inviolability the male animal would like to keep intact for its own convenience. Since the activity in question was one in which the male could not possibly participate unless there was a female at the receiving end, I could find no ethically acceptable reason for insisting that the activity itself was permissible to one and anathema to the other. And there was something sickening in the age-old custom of prostitution, the setting aside of a portion of womanhood as expendable in the war between man's soul and man's lust.

Intellectual *χειραφέτησις* such as this did not mean that I condoned promiscuity for women. But it did mean I condemned it in men. I have now come to the sad realization that the latter concept is so absolutely ludicrous to the male of the species that there is only one conclusion he is able to come to, namely, any woman who believes in the single standard must of necessity be a loose woman. Thus the edge was taken off my fine idealism. Together with the loss of this edge, however, came a diminution in the hero-worship I could bestow upon the male animal and which the male animal craves from its women-folk. I began to suspect that the much vaunted sense of honor possessed so uniquely by men of Greek extraction depended only upon the degree of repression of the decent Greek-American girl, that it was not at all engendered by any innate decency in the Greek male.

In itself, this particular issue is not a Greek-American problem. It is only in his flagrantly righteous attitude toward the "fallen" woman that the Greek-American differs from his American brother. For it must be admitted that the latter is more generous in his attitude toward the woman for whose fall his own sex is responsible. This I knew from the beginning. What I did not know from the beginning was that the proud *Ἑλληνικὸ αἷμα* was less to be trusted by a well-brought up (*Ἑλληνοπαιδευτάτα* is the word!) girl than the less heroic blood of other boys!

A few months ago, I warned a friend not to allow her teen-age daughter to go out with Greek boys until after she had gone out with several non-Greeks. My point was that the girl would thus get a chance to know how a gentleman behaves before she was exposed to her compatriots. My friend was incensed

at the slur I was casting. Her blind loyalty was considerably crushed, however, when I related a few incidents I had seen with my own eyes, incidents taken out of my professional experience as a high school teacher in a large metropolis. Among my students when I first started to teach was a large number of young compatriots of both sexes. Many of them brought their problems to me. In the early days, my students were only five or six years younger than myself. Our problems were practically identical and the youngsters spoke quite freely to me. What I trust served as catharsis for them very often left me stunned!

At this point I should like to interrupt myself and give credit to the one Greek-American who saw what was happening and did something about it. Our former Archbishop and present Patriarch, Athenagoras I, in his far-reaching wisdom gave the spur to the formation of Greek youth groups in the various church communities. Here, under the protective aegis of the church, young Greek-Americans of both sexes were thrown together and Poppa and Momma could not rail against the idea since it was sponsored by the very church they believed in. Thus the young people worked together, had fun together, and the propinquity worked again—this time with the full approval of Poppa and Momma and to their great relief for now the youngsters were discouraged by the natural course of events from looking elsewhere for their mates. Unfortunately, these organizations did not attain full stride until after World War II began. Those who had reached the optimum marriageable age in the dreary thirties were, and still are, the Forgotten Generation.

For with the passage of years, something happens to people as well as to the rosy glow of romance. When moreover the years have been lean years followed by grim war years, personalities are bound to be damaged. The inner loneliness of the sensitive soul is intensified. The fear of being hurt again by life enters an unwilling alliance with the unrelenting habit of independence. The man tends to take the easier way out, the way which infringes least upon the set pattern of his life and at the same time involves him in no family responsibilities. If he is shy or sensitive (not so rare an avis as his more aggressive brother would lead us to believe), he recedes further and further into himself and finds emotional escape in some form of sublimation.

The woman, on the other hand, having tasted the sweet fruit of economic independence, hesitates to marry just for the sake of acquiring the MRS. A woman with any kind of guts, and history has proven that Greek women are generously endowed, wants more than a meal ticket. Thus in spite of all the unkind jokes men compose at the expense of the old maid, a woman who can earn for herself whatever she needs for her material comfort manages to resist social pressure. She continues to hesitate before she will put a *μπελλά* στην κεφαλή της just for the sake of being married.

To the Greek-American male, who consciously or subconsciously believes that his masculinity alone is enough to warrant any female's undying gratitude, the phenomenon of the independent female is quite disturbing. And yet ironically enough, it does not seem to deter him in the least from demanding

(Continued on Page 41)



# Kostas Michalos

**Ship-Owner, Philanthropist  
Dies in New York**



**KOSTAS N. MICHALOS**

**1878 — 1949**

The passing away of Kostas N. Michalos, ship-owner, philanthropist, has been a blow to the shipping industry, and to the people of his native island of Chios, who for years now have been the recipients of his fabulous generosity.

Kostas Michalos, and his brothers, Leonidas and Zannis who survive him, have built a mighty empire of ships that ply the seven seas. They maintain offices here and abroad. They are known for their generosity, for treating their seamen generously, and for their love of America and their native country, Greece.

Kostas especially was known for his kind heart and his lovely spirit. He was a friend to the rich and to the poor alike, that's why the New York community felt his death so deeply.

During the war the Michalos brothers did all they could to help America and Greece win. They gave money to Greece to buy war planes, and their ships contributed not a little to the common cause. But the greatest recipient of their generosity, as we mention above, was their native island of Chios. There they built an imposing Orphanage, an up-to-date School of Commerce, a modern Jail and helped innumerable other public and semi-public institutions. That's why a mixed crowd of ship owners, chandlers and the common people crowded to overflowing New York's Greek Cathedral when funeral exercises were being conducted for Kostas Michalos. He was a friend and a patriot.



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**VIEW OF CHIOS HARBOR**



**THE MICHA  
Is the up-to-date Orphanag**





in Chios  
of the Michalos Bros.



S  
n Greece  
Chios



OTROPHEION  
maintained by Michalos Bros.

## A HISTORIC ISLAND

The Island of Chios, birthplace of Kostas Michalos, has been renowned through the ages, for its natural beauty, its culture, and as the birthplace of famous men and women.

The Island of Chios boasts at present a population of about 80,000. Chios produces oranges, lemons, almonds, currants, olive oil and a few other foods, but her most important produce is the famous MASTICHA (mastic) a sort of an aromatic gum, used as the basis of chewing gum, and a valuable resin for varnish, drugs and liquors.

Chios is the birthplace also of such important modern Greek patriots and philanthropists as: Coray, Syngros, Calvocoressi, Benakie, Skylitsis, Ralli Bros., the poet Souris, Kanaris and many others. Among Greek ship-owners, fully thirty percent hail from Chios. Ship-owners of Chian ancestry here about whose ships sail the seven seas are: Livanos, Michalinos, Karras, Michalos, Los, Chandris, and many others.

There are ten thousand Greek-Americans who hail from Chios. Their Panchiachi Federation "Koraes" has 18 chapters all over the country, and their president, Demosthenes Costalos, is a well known importer and exporter. Their official organ the Chiotikon Mellon, keeps them posted with their doings in the country and with what is going on in the old island. They are industrious and loyal Americans.

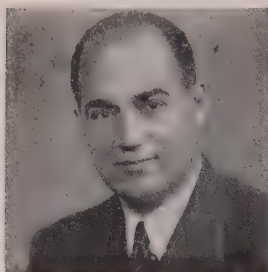


His Grace the Archbishop of Chios,  
PANTELEIMON



Another Michalos Gift: A Modern School of Commerce for Chios





## New York

by  
JOHN BELASCO

**GAVA DANCE.**—From all indications GAVA (Greek American Veterans Ass'n) seems to have wrested the laurels from the Lacedemonians who boasted the biggest crowds in the past. Not only more people attended their affair this year, but as Mr. Karabatos put it in his column in the Atlantis "it would be a good idea to have a chaplain handy in their gatherings for you never can tell." The GAVA is a World War II organization and hopes to take in most of the estimated 93,000 Greek Americans who served. They plan to organize chapters all over the country. Those desiring information should write to Nicholas J. Stevason, Nat'l Commander, 266 W. 41st St., New York 18, N. Y.



VASILIOS KARABATOS

Military Intelligence. With his background, and because of his conscientious nature and ability, Vasilios Karabatos has a promising future in New York.

**MISS KONTOS BECOMES BRIDE.**—Lovely and popular Mary Kontos, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kontos of Jamaica Estates, N. Y., was married to Nicholas Christy, Bridgeport-born, handsome lad, at the New York Cathedral. Nicholas Stevens was the best man. Dinner followed at the Kontos' palatial home. The bride is one of the founders of the Philoptohos girls' group. The groom is a member of GAVA, has attended Rochester Institute of Technology, St. John's U. School of Law and is now attending N. Y. University for his master's in Taxation. They honeymooned at Virginia Beach.

**VASILIOS KARABATOS.**—This promising young lawyer is now a member of the firm, "LONGO GOLKIN AND KARABATOS", 61 Broadway, New York. He is the son of John Karabatos, owner of the Apollo Jewelry Company here. His brother James Karabatos is an editor of the well known New York Greek Daily, "Atlantis". Vasilios is a graduate of the Law School of the University of Athens and of the Law School of Brooklyn. During the war he served with U. S.

**CRITERION MOTOR CORP.**—Menander T. Constant, well known real estate and insurance broker, took over and personally supervises the Criterion Motor Corp., 40 W. 62nd St. The motorist will find excellent service for general auto repair, and all makes of cars, domestic and imported. Mr. Constant besides being president of this corporation represents also the Hudson Co's cars. Our congratulations.

### GOES TO CHICAGO.

—According to the New York "Daily News" Miss Betty Mavro-George of Manchester, N. H., known to the theatrical world as Betty George, has gone to Chicago to join the second company of the popular musical play "Kiss Me Kate." Here is hoping that the Greek Community in Chicago which also happens to be the largest in the country, will go to see this able artist.



BETTY GEORGE

**HOLIDAY VARIETY.**—The radio program originating at the Greek Cathedral is under the direction of its Dean, The Rev. Efthimiou, assisted by the Rev. G. Pappadeas. The program is quite popular hereabouts and is being supported by local business men.

During the holidays the Cathedral's Philoptohos societies sponsored dances for the benefit of St. Basil Academy. Spyros Skouras furnished talent for the occasion.

New Year's Eve was celebrated in grand style by all New York Hellenic centers.

Paul Prodromidis, director and announcer of Greek Radio Parade programs heard four times a week, told me that station WWRL over which many Greek programs are heard is increasing its power to 5000 watts from 500, and now believes Greek programs will be heard in 13 eastern states.

Eugene Botsacos, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Botsacos was married to Miss Eugenia Smirniotis of Benton Harbor, Mich., according to Ahepa Messenger.

At the Franklin Savings Bank, of which I am staff member, on Xmas week, Lauretta (De Buan) Flynn was nearly mobbed by appreciative Greek depositors when one day she played a Greek Xmas song on the Hammond. Said one of them: "It feels nice to hear Greek music in an American bank." What do you mean American bank?" retorted another depositor: "This is a Greek center where Greek meets Greek for many years now", he added smilingly.

**BORN AT BETHLEHEM.**—A healthy baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Costa Hoimes on Christmas Day, at Bethlehem, Pa. The proud father who owns the "Town & County Supermarket" passed cigars around. The youngster is the first grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cavaris, owners of the famous Broadway Cafeteria in New York. Congratulations to all concerned.





**THE ADAMS' IN HOLLYWOOD.**—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Adams of Newark, chat with lovely June Haver on the set of June's latest Warner Bros. Technicolor musical, "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady." Mr. Adams, Paramount Theatre executive was a special guest of Warner Bros. Studios during the Theatre Owners of America convention in Los Angeles.

**WEDDING BELLS.**—Miss Mary Papacharalambou charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Papacharalambou of Jersey City, N. J., was married to Mr. Demetrios Varianides, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Demetriou of the same city. Christos Karvazones acted as best man. Barbara Helen Savides was maid of honor assisted by nine bridesmaids and nine ushers, including four flower girls. Wedding took place at the New York Greek Cathedral, the Rev. G. Papadeas officiating. More than a thousand guests, mostly Cyprians, attended the reception at the Audubon Hotel. They honeymooned in Cuba and Florida. Our congratulations.



Officers of the GAVA Ladies' Auxiliary Post No. 1 and Post No. 3 appearing on the platform at the 4th Annual Combined Ball to accept their charters.



**WITH THE ATHENIANS.**—The Athenians gave their party at the Statler and again they attracted a record-breaking crowd. Popular Paul Nord acted as Master of Ceremonies and introduced much able Greek talent mostly Athenian. A distinguished guest was the Metropolitan star Nicola Moscona. Music was furnished by Prof. Perry Voultsos assisted by his lovely wife Eleni who always sings invitingly. Party was given for the benefit of needy persons in Athens.



**BACK HOME.**—George Spyropoulos, well known N. Y. restaurateur, owner of George's Restaurant (on Broad St.) posing with his nephew before the Parthenon. Said George who has recently returned from abroad: "I visited many places, especially Sparta, my home town, and I was happy, very happy, but for a real thrill nothing can match the Parthenon."

**A TRIP TO WASHINGTON.**—On a brief visit to Washington I stumbled into a batch of assorted but welcome news. To begin with I read in the papers that popular Peter Chumbris, attorney, and former president of Panarcadian Federation was named assistant Attorney General of New Mexico. Last year he won the Washington award of Commerce for rendering outstanding service to the community.

I also noticed that the fashion editor of the Evening Star is our brilliant Miss Helen Sakes (Sakellarides), and that at the Times the music, movie and drama editor is a young Greek-American named Bernard Harrison (Haralambopoulos).

At the Crescent Cafe Cabaret I had the opportunity to hear the young crooner N. Sioris who sings under the name of Mitchell Forrest. All the above celebrities made me feel proud because they are descended from Arcadia. Another interesting per-

(Continued on Page 30)





## 1950 EASTER IN GREECE

### GREEK EASTER APRIL 9

#### EXCURSIONS

AHEPA

on S/S NEA HELLAS—March 17

DODECANESIANS

on S. S. NEPTUNIA—April 14

CHIANS

on S/S NEPTUNIA—June 30

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## POPULAR WASHINGTONIAN



Jack (Zacharias) Pappadeas, president of the St. Sophia Greek-American community in the nation's Capital, is a public-spirited citizen, who has served many causes and is well liked in the community.

In 1926 Pappadeas with his uncle Peter Kekenos, founded TRY ME CORPORATION, a soft drink company, now firmly established in Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., and Savannah, Ga., the last named being also the birthplace of the firm. The nine different flavor beverages of this company are very popular in these places.

Mr. Pappadeas who emigrated to America from historic Kalamata in 1905, is a successful business man due to his native ability and resourcefulness. He is also on the board of directors of one of Washington's best known loan associations. He first married Stavroula Masouridis also of Kalamata in 1914. Five children were born to them: Rose, Charles (Apostolos), James (Demosthenes), Constantine, and Alexander. The sons, all six footers, are staff members of Try Me Corporation. The daughter is married to the well known Washington dentist Harry Sembecos. The first Mrs. Pappadeas died in 1945. Last year Mr. Pappadeas married the former Helen Spyarakis.

JOHN BELASCO



# BOOKS

By C. J. LAMPOS

## LITERARY EXPLOSIONS

Someone asked me recently what kind of literature I like to read, and this is my answer.

Take a traffic jam. You go a few yards, stop, start, stop, start, stop. Bumper for block after block. The cars in back of you honk; the lights in front turn red. Suddenly there is an opening in the traffic! You plunge through and breeze free for miles. That's the kind of driving I like to do.

Take a football game. The teams are evenly matched, and the ground is bitterly disputed back and forth until the last few minutes of play. Suddenly a player breaks loose, gallops down a clear field, and makes a touchdown! That's the kind of sport I like to watch.

Take a story, drama, or other piece of writing. The situation or theme is built up logically or intensely. You are puzzled, wondering, doubtful. Suddenly there is an explosion of characters or ideas! Vital things happen, or true, genuine ideas are expressed. You read something pulsing, alive, exhilarating. Be it Homer or Ibsen, Euripides or Hemingway, that's the kind of literature I like to read.

## A FRENCH APPRECIATION OF ATHENS

The love of Greek art and the spirit of Greece is an eternal, universal passion. Neither wars nor economic difficulties can restrain the study of the men, thought, and treasures that Ancient Greece produced. Here is one of the loveliest and warmest books ever issued on this subject—Noel Guy's *ATHENES* (Fernand Nathan, Paris, France, 1948, 158 pp.).

Written in French, this book is neither a study nor a history. It is rather a presentation, a resuscitation of the famous personalities and events of the great and beloved city of Athens. In one chapter the author gives us the drama of the glorious victory over the Persians; in another he takes us through a day in the life of Pericles. Then he conjures before the eyes of our mind tableaux of young Alcibiades, the last great battle for Athens, the trial of Socrates, the struggle with Alexander the Great, etc. A few pages touch all too briefly on more modern times, and the last sentence reads: "Athènes ne peut pas mourir!—'Athens cannot die!'"

There are more than 150 illustrations in the book, small but quaint pictures in shades of blue and white of Greek art and scenes that are a perfect delight to the eyes and heart and soul. There are also several full-page plates in technicolor. Covered with bright red leather and trimmed with gold lines, the volume is as pretty to behold as it is exciting to read. It has the perfections of European books and of course their one outstanding weakness—its binding has already cracked after a brief handling. European books too often have only a thin sheet of paper for covers, but even an exquisite edition such as this one is poorly stitched together.

*ATHENES* is not on sale in this country, being imported direct from France for your reviewer's birthday by a member of his family. Its price was \$4.50 when ordered with several other books.

## THE GIFT OF THE GREEKS

"What does this stuff mean to you?" a friend asked, indicating my library of art books. I thought of the beauty, liberation, and pleasure that art is supposed to bring us, but he didn't seem to be the type of person who understands such things. He would have asked: "What is beauty?" or "Who is free?" So I

stopped him with: "It is what keeps life from being mere animalism."

An American poet says that a poem should not mean but be. This is also true of the other arts. However, both the meaning and the being of Ancient Greek art today are revealed by Charles Seltman in his startling, refreshing book, *APPROACH TO GREEK ART* (Studio Publications, New York, 1948, 132 pp., \$6.00). A Cambridge Fellow whose book was printed in his native England, the author says that he does not intend to go a little further into Greek art but rather to start his study somewhere else. In ten short, packed chapters, he approaches Greek art through such channels as poetry and prose in art, formal art, dramatic art, descriptive art, rhetorical art, biography and portraiture, and the like.

There are 111 superb plates in the book,, presenting several hundred Greek and allied masterpieces ranging from coins to the greatest sculpture. Many of these pictures are entirely new or have never before appeared in a popular work on art.

There is also a brief section of Byzantium, and after telling of the fall of that city in 1453 the author ends his extremely vital book with this paragraph:

"To every Greek in those grim days it seemed the end. Yet it was only a pause in history, a sleep, a stupor, before a rebirth that was to come. Once before, ancient Greece, captive, could captivate her Roman conquerors. A second time, the spirit of Greece which is Humanism passed to Italy, to France, to England, and again some men and women began to find in the art and the letters of Greece that which can loosen bonds and lead men out to liberty and happiness."

## WHAT THE GREEKS PAID

There are war books and war books, but perhaps the most remarkable of them all is *THE SACRIFICES OF GREECE IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR*, issued by the Greek government and distributed free in the U.S.A. to anyone who can convince the Greek Government Office of Information in New York that he is somehow interested in the cause of Greece. The book is not only remarkable in the tragic and authentic story it tells, but even as a publishing feat. It is 14 by 18½ inches in size, the text is in Greek, French, English, and Russian, and it contains huge maps and diagrams in numerous colors showing Greece's war losses.

This album is the work not of Greek politicians, but of minor government officials, architects, draughtsmen, and reconstruction men. It was started in May, 1941, and it was exhibited in April, May, and June, 1945, at Paris, London, and the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. The printing was done at the Workshops "Graphic Arts Aspioti-Elka" in Athens. The sources of the data, diagrams, and photographs are given. There is certainly nothing wrong with the printing business of a nation that can produce a book like this, which must be seen to be believed.

## THE BALKAN POWDER KEG

No armchair reviewer should take sides on controversial issues from a disadvantage-point of five thousand miles, but he can safely recommend books which, according to your particular bias, clarify or confuse these issues. Such a recommendation can be given to *TROUBLE ZONE* by Leon Dennen (Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., Chicago. \$1.50).

The author spent most of 1944 in Turkey on a rescue mission for an American relief agency which was helping men and



women, including Gentiles and Jews, labor people and journalists, scholars and artists, of the anti-Nazi underground and resistance movements whose lives were in danger because of their active opposition to Hitler. From Istanbul he watched the collapse of the Nazi armies in the Balkans and the liberation of these countries by the Allies.

Mr. Denne views the Balkans and the Near East as a pawn in the rivalry of Britain and Russia (with the United States blundering on the sidelines). Britain's position in the Mediterranean is threatened by Russian expansion, and this is the "trouble zone" where World War III is brewing because the liberties of these countries are ruthlessly suppressed. He affirms that peace and security will come to this part of the world when a federation of the small central and southeastern European countries is achieved, but he says that the official leaders of the Allied nations no longer dare talk about this step because Russia opposes it.

## A GREEK CONQUISTADOR

There are Whitman, Browning, Thoreau, and like societies throughout the land, but one we suggest that lovers of art form is a Society to Spread the Appreciation of El Greco. A chief by-law would require its members to buy, beg, borrow, or burglarize the latest studies on this great master. Being a likely charter member of such a society, we have written all the way to Arlington, Va., to borrow Maurice Legendre's *EL GRECO* (The Hyperion Press & Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, 1947, 70 pp., \$6.00).

Since our El Greco review in the Winter 1948 issue of *ATHENE* aroused some comment, let's chat again on whether he is a Greek or Spanish artist. Mr. Legendre, who is director of the Casa Velasquez in Madrid, Spain, tells us that the master was born Domenico Theotocopuli in the tiny village of Fodele, situated in a Cretan valley a little to the west of Candia. "Which icons, statues, and paintings in the church of Fodele imprinted on the soul of the young Domenikos his first idea of beauty?" he asks. "What decorated ceramics or popular images formed the child's vision?" Then he adds that if Crete was favorable to the hatching of artistic genius because of its four millenniums of art, it provided small outlet for a painter conscious of the value of his work. So young Domenico went to Venice, which then owned Crete and was also one of the world centers of painting, and from this visit (he studied under Titian) dates his great technical competence.

Acquiring the name of El Greco ("The Greek") in Italy, the young painter completed his technical apprenticeship in Rome, settling in Toledo, Spain, in 1577. He married (apparently) a Spanish lady and spent the last 37 years of his life in this city which he painted like a beloved mistress. It was in Spain that El Greco threw off the Italian yoke and "regained his independence", gradually enclosing himself "within the world he had created, building upon certain singularities, eventually to crystallize his childlike simplicity into the simplicity of an old man."

But El Greco seems to have maintained contacts with his Greek compatriots in Spain as a document of the Tribunal of the Inquisition of Toledo, dated May, 1582, indicates that he served as interpreter in connection with a lawsuit of a fellow Greek, and his will was witnessed by a pair of friends with Greek names. Mr. Legendre points out that the subject of the great "Burial of Count Orgaz" must have pleased the painter because "among other things, it was said that Count Orgaz was descended from Don Pedro Paleologue, third son of the Emperor of Constantinople. Thus the Iberianized Greek glorified another Greek, longer if not more strongly Iberianized."

Mr. Legendre concludes this fine study (only a few pages in length but containing many large as well as colored and detail plates) by declaring that El Greco's work is more Spanish

than that of Zurbarán because the latter was, spiritually, a monk, while El Greco was a "Conquistador". A Greek Conquistador? El Greco was a product of Byzantium, Italy, Spain, and his own mysterious vision, and he belongs to the entire world.

## RENDEZVOUS WITH THE GREEKS

A friend who is a 4th-grade teacher in a Chicago public school sent us a pretty little booklet entitled *THE STORY OF THE GREEKS* by Violet Fee and Walter Fee (American Education Press, Columbus, Ohio, 36 pp., Paper). It is Unit Study Book No. 402 and is apparently used by the pupils of her school.

The booklet contains write-ups running from one to several pages each on the following topics: The Country of the Greeks, Adventure Poems, How Drama Began, Secrets of the Greek Builders, Pictures in Stone, The People as Rulers, School Days, Fun at Home, Three Great Teachers, The Father of Medicine, and Greek Ideas About the World. These sections tell not only of the Greeks and what they did, but also what they contributed to the world of today. The section on Greek democracy ends with the sentence: "In what way the Greeks have helped us to learn how to rule ourselves."

It is indeed very important that young American boys and girls should study these things as early as possible because they shall be meeting the Greeks, historically and culturally, virtually daily for the rest of their life.

## THEY TELL A STORY

The Greeks have always been good yarn-spinners, and it is no surprise to find that George Demetrios measures up to this tradition. Many of the stories and sketches in his *WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., 245 pp., \$2.75) are perfect gems.

There is "The Potter's Hands", which tells of the transformation of the potter's robust wife and the miller's delicate wife into women befitting the men's work. "It was the hands," says the miller. There are the character sketches "The Poet Blacksmith", "Cross-Skip-Taste", and "The Greek Atheist". There are such characterizations of the Macedonian people as "Saradin Hodja" and "The American Hearse." There is the swashbuckling thriller "Salt and Gypsies," in which a daring Greek youth elopes with and fights for a gypsy girl who turns out to be the daughter of a rich Greek landowner. There is "The Wedding of Neeko," an almost idyllic sketch of a poor youth's wedding day.

The book is illustrated with line drawings which are as classic in their simplicity as the text. George Demetrios, who came to America from Macedonia in 1911, is a successful sculptor and teacher who has now also become a successful story-teller.

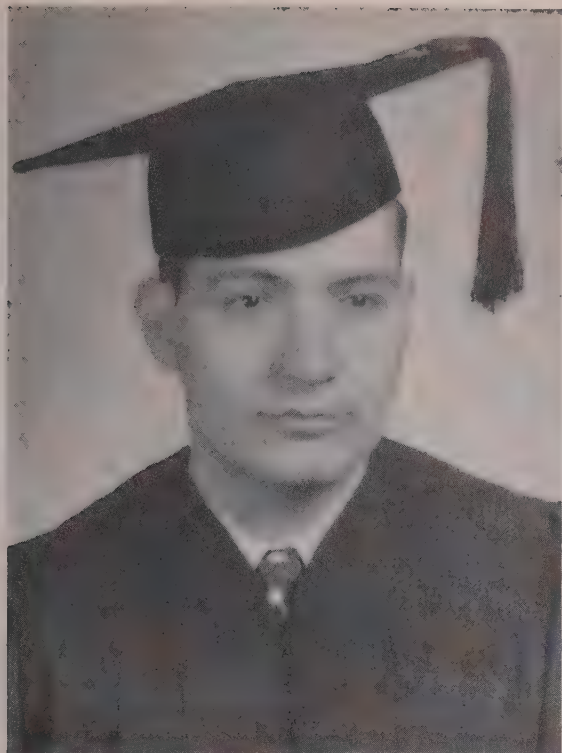
## NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 27)

sonality and an old friend whom I met at a high government office is Col. T. Polyzoides. Formerly with the Franklin Savings Bank, he is the son of the eminent writer, news analyst and editor, Adamantios Polyzoides.

A most memorable evening I spent at the well known "Old New Orleans Cafe Cabaret" with Mr. and Mrs. Aristides Lazarus, and Miss Catherine Perros, celebrating the Lazarus' sixth anniversary. This cabaret is owned by Nick Gaston, who should be congratulated for the fine food and drinks he serves and also for the entertainment. Our own Joan Dexter who knows how to flavor a song delicately, rendered a variety of selections in many languages.





**HAROLD A. PEPONIS**

son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peponis of Chicago, graduated with honors from Loyola University, School of Business Administration.

Harold is now assistant manager at his father's business, The Plaza Cleaners and Dyers, 1523 N. Clark Street, Chicago. He is also president of the Church Choir at St. Dametrios Church, and assistant treasurer of the Greek Chamber of Commerce, Chicago. His father, Arthur H. Peponis is Supreme President of the Panarcadian Federation, and a nationally known Greek American leader.

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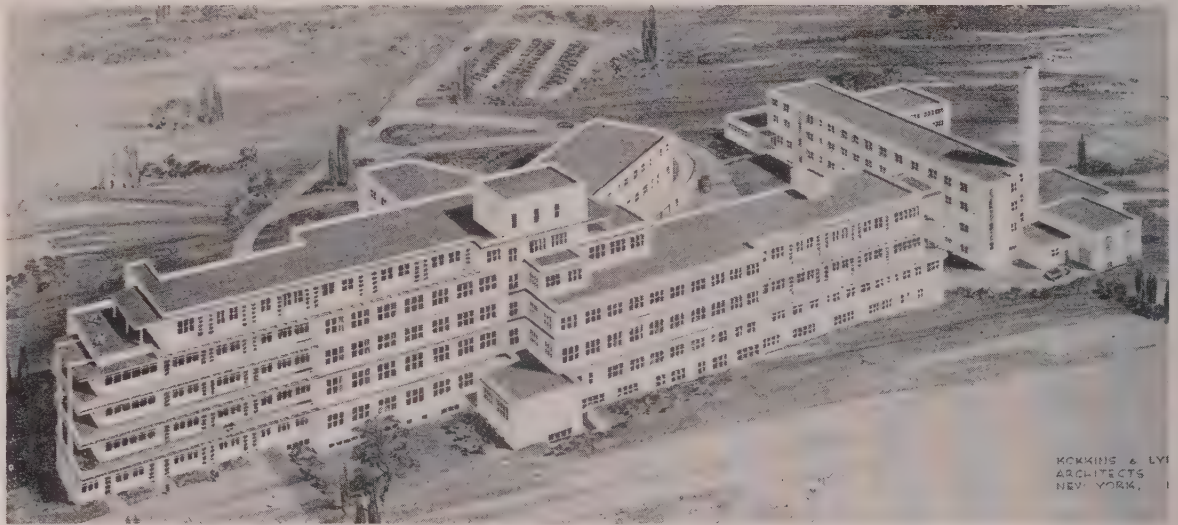


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The beautiful and historic Aegean Island of Naxos, became the host recently to Mr. and Mrs. James Glyman (Glymakopoulos) of Chicago.

Mr. Glyman, who was brought up in Naxos, is a leading Chicago business man. Together with his three sons, Emmanuel, Demetrios Jr. and Daniel, he is the owner of the National Baking Company of Chicago, noted as a manufacturer of rolls for the hotel and restaurant trade.

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MR. JAMES GLYMAN, STANDING IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH A GROUP OF ISLANDERS DRESSED IN THEIR QUIANT COSTUMES.

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## That Hilarious Greek Card Game

"It's like this," Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos explained. "As a good Catholic or Protestant would never think of starting the New Year without going to church, so a good Greek would never think of starting it without sending his wife and kids to church and going out to play cards with his cronies for twelve to thirty-six hours. And here poor Uncle Tom is laid up . . ."

"But what does he play?" I asked. "I don't know any Greek card games."

He mentioned the game, but the noise of his old car made me miss it.

"What's that? How do you spell it?"

"I've never sent it in print, but it's pronounced as though spelled s-c-o-m-b-e-e-l-y, **scombeely**. It's played by four persons, and the partners not only signal their cards to each other, but if they're sharp enough, they can catch the opposite team's signals and know what cards are against them."

"Isn't that cheating? Giving signals is cheating in every type of card game I've heard of."

"That's what makes **scombeely** so different and entertaining. It's a riot of signals, gestures, and witticisms."

At Uncle Tom's Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos brushed by the girl who opened the door.

"What are you doing home tonight?" he demanded. "Are you deserting our time-honored traditions?"

"Well, nephew, this leg of mine . . ."

"I didn't come here to hear you cry about your leg. How can we expect good luck in the New Year without a few games of **scombeely**? Sonia, the table and cards!"

"But I've never played," said the girl.

"I'll teach all three of you. Uncle Tom, you can pick up the finer points of the game . . ."

I caught Uncle Tom winking on the sly to the girl.

"Is that wink one of the signals?" I asked.

"In the game a wink means the ace of trumps," Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos explained. "Before the game it means: 'Bring the boys a drink!'"

After our **mastika**, we sat down at Uncle Tom's bedside, and Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos picked up the cards. The partners were he and I, Uncle Tom and Sonia.

"We use the ace, trey, king, queen, jack, ten, and nine of each suit in that order of value," my partner began, sorting the cards, "twenty-eight cards in all."

"You don't have to do any thinking," Uncle Tom said to Sonia. "I'm the senior partner, and I'll tell you what to play."

"The same here," Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos waved to me.

He was seated North, and he dealt to West (Sonia), South (Me), East (Uncle Tom), etc. Each got three cards, mine being the ace and king of hearts and the ace of diamonds. He put a card (the ten of hearts) face up in the middle of the table and placed the remaining deck on part of it.



"That means hearts are trumps," he said, tapping the ten. "Sonia's first."

"What have you got?" Uncle Tom asked her.

"You mean I can tell you?"

"That's the game, daughter. Do you have **scombeely**?"

"What's that?"

"An ace or trey of any suit but trumps," said Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos. "An ace is male **scombeely**, a trey female **scombeely**."

"Yes, I have," said Sonia.

"So do I!" I exclaimed.

"The signals apply only to the trumps," Uncle Tom explained. "This—"winking—"is the ace. This—"twitching the corner of the mouth—"is the trey. This—"nodding—"is the king. This—"sticking out his tongue—"is the queen. This—"hunching his shoulder—"is the jack. The ten and nine are nothing but fleas, like this—"rubbing forefinger and thumb together. "If you have nothing, raise your eyebrows like this. Now, signal your trumps."

"But they're watching me!" Sonia protested.

"Oh, that's O.K.!" my partner chuckled. "You can watch us, too!"

While Sonia was studying her hand, I winked (the ace) and nodded (the king) to my partner.

"I don't have any of those," Sonia decided.

"You have?" Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos exclaimed to me. "Good!"

"But I missed their signals!" Sonia protested.

"Oh, it's one of the tricks of the game to signal under cover of conversation and gestures," I laughed.

"Play your **scombeely**," Uncle Tom directed, and she played the ace of clubs.

"Trump it," said my partner.

"Which one?" I asked.

He glared at Uncle Tom and then nodded to me. I covered Sonia's ace with the king of hearts, and Uncle Tom threw down the king of spades. My partner dropped the trey of clubs and pulled in the trick.

"You don't have to follow the suit?" Sonia asked.

"You never have to follow suit or go over," said Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos, "but of course the highest card of the suit played by the first player takes the trick except when it's trumped as in this case. That was your trick," he added to me. "Draw a card from the deck."

I drew the nine of clubs, and the others drew a card in turn.

"Play an off card," said my partner.

I played the nine of clubs, Uncle Tom the king of clubs, and Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos the nine of diamonds.

"This is my trick," Uncle Tom said to Sonia. "A counter!"

"What's a counter?"

"The value of the cards runs like this," my partner explained, "ace counts eleven, trey counts ten, king four, queen three, jack two, ten and nine nothing."

"Show them what you made on the last trick," said Uncle Tom.

"Ace is eleven, trey ten, and four for each of

(Continued on Page 42)

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A smart event of the social season in Chicago American Hellenic circles was the recent wedding of Miss Joan Camburas to Mr. Theodore John Theodore. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Camburas. Her father, a nationally known architect, has erected many of the nation's best Greek Orthodox churches. Joan attended Mac Murray College (Jacksonville, Ill.) and is a graduate of De Paul University (Chicago) with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Sociology.

The groom is the son of Mrs. Irene Theodore of Chicago. During the war he served as a Bombardier in the 5th Air Force in New Guinea, with the rank of First Lieutenant. He is now engaged in the architectural profession having received his Bachelor of Science Degree in Civil Engineering from Northwestern University. They make their home in Chicago.

## DEMETRA VAKA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 16)

dren—even great-grandchildren. The house would be gay with their young voices and the music of their little feet."

Aunt Eulalie, on her return, found me sitting on a low carved stool, at the feet of her aunt, listening raptly to the tales of the old lady's childhood, spent in the great rumeliote city of Philipopolis.

"I hope she has been a good child, auntie."

Great-aunt Philomene leaned over and patted me. "She has a curious way of asking questions which opens up the past. Now let us go out for a drive."

Because I was allowed to sit up by the coachman I had a grand view of Sofia—which wasn't much of a capital, to be sure. But then Bulgaria had only been free twelve years. It seemed more prosperous than Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, because Bulgaria's soil is richer. The people in the streets were not so tall and fine looking as the Serbs. The women went about without hats, and seemed to be as strong as the men. The poorer people wore peasant costumes, and still looked like Turkish subjects.

The tales Aunt Philomene had told me echoed in my mind: how under the Turks they had worked from daybreak to the last rays of the setting sun, tilling their fields, tending their animals, or weaving on their home-made looms. How frugal they were, and how hard they strove to put by a few pennies. Then, spring and fall, the Turkish tax-collectors would come and demand exorbitant taxes. If the money was not forthcoming, they would seize their cattle. Often in defense of their little property,

the peasants would be killed. Sometimes big riots occurred, and hundreds of them would lose their lives. It was in one such riot that Great-aunt Philomene's two sons were killed, trying to defend the peasants. "If you share the suffering of a country," she said, "you come to love it, and to identify yourself with it."

I should have felt less sympathy for the Bulgarians had I been able to foresee that in a few years these same Bulgarians would develop into the Prussians of the Balkans, who sought to build a greater Bulgaria by stealing land from Serbia and Greece; and that in 1913 they would destroy the Balkan Confederation—which might have saved the peace of the world—and seek to subjugate their allies, Serbia and Greece. And I should have hated them could I have imagined the bestialities perpetrated by them as partners of Germany in the two world wars.

That afternoon, while our carriage was stationary, the ruler of Bulgaria, Prince of Saxe-Coburg (also placed upon his throne by Bismarck) drove in. In spite of a certain pomp surrounding the equipage of the twenty-eight year old ruler, his sly, foxy face lacked the dignity of Carol of Rumania. True there were many disadvantages to his position. He did not speak the language of the country; he was a stranger to its political complexities; and he was builded by his able peasant premier, Stamboulov. Worst of all, the czar of Russia, angered at the "ingratitude" of the Bulgarians for daring to accept a ruler without first obtaining his permission, had refused to recognize Ferdinand. And all the other nations followed the lead of powerful Alexander III.

Humbled, Ferdinand bided his time. That was what lay behind his enigmatic, fox-like face; but it



did not make for the gallant demeanor one had a right to expect in a prince.

On our return home I wanted to know how Great-aunt Philomene felt toward Prince Ferdinand. Did **she** like him?

She appeared unwilling to express herself. Only after I remarked that he looked more like a fox than a prince, did she bristle up.

"He may look like a fox, but on arriving at Tirnova, our old capital, he announced that he stood for a free and independent Bulgaria, even though he knew that the czar meant to treat our country like a dependency."

She leaned over and tapped my forehead with her finger. "That is more than you can say for your king of Greece, who entered into a secret agreement with Great Britain to make no attempt to free the Greeks still under Turkey, when **he** came to the throne."

"That isn't true!" I cried.

"Some day, miss, when you learn more, you will know that it **is** true."

Very rudely I jumped up and left the room. I threw myself on our sofa and wept from sheer inability to defend George I. Aunt Eulalie found me still crying.

"Why, little one, what has happened?" When I told her of the aspersions cast upon our king, she put her arms consolingly around me. "Never mind. We are going home at once. I have just received word that Achilles must leave for England next week."

\* \* \*

Years later, in Athens, during the first world war, while talking with Demetrius Rhallis, a former prime minister and a royalist, I remarked: "At least George the First was a good king."

"'Good'" Mr. Rhallis cried, "Good? He managed to break every able Greek who arose; he refused every chance to annex Crete; and put every obstacle in the way to prevent us from forming a competent army. His concern was not to further our national aspirations, but to serve the interests of Great Britain, who guaranteed his salary of two million drachmes a year." (\$400,000.)

Mr. Rhallis's accusation was like an echo of Great-aunt Philomene's words in 1889. What added authority to both was to read in William Miller's **History of the Ottoman Empire and Its Successors**: "By a secret Anglo-Danish treaty, the king (George I) pledged himself to refrain from promoting insurrectional movements against Turkey, in return for the Ionian Islands."

So George the First **had** assumed the crown of Greece in 1863 with a secret agreement by which he was to frustrate any move on the part of his people to liberate enslaved Greeks, since that would weaken Turkey, which Great Britain wished to retain as a strong buffer state against Russia.

In view of that agreement, one wondered what arrangement was recently made between Prime Minister Churchill and George the Second, which impelled the former so strenuously to insist upon the return of the latter to the throne of Greece.

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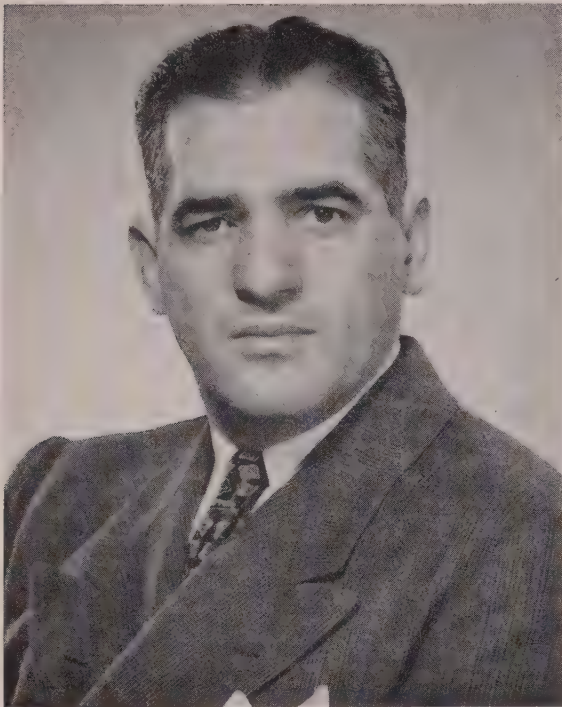
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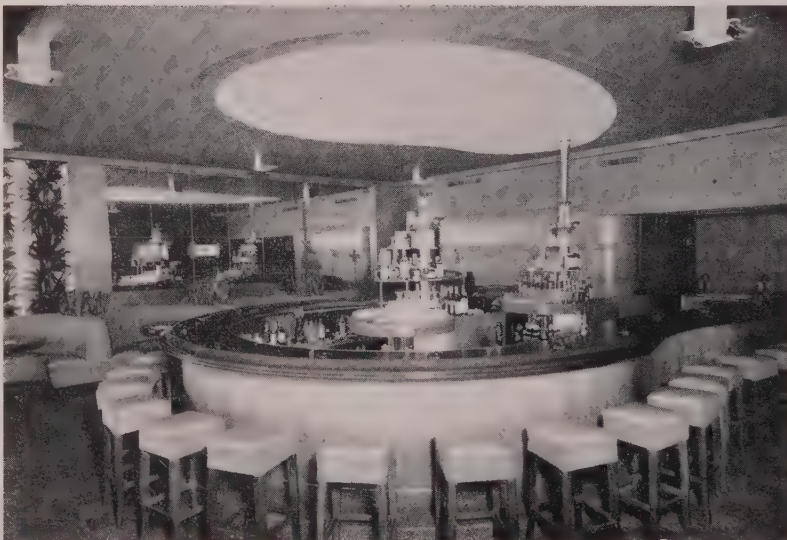
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# THE FORGOTTEN GENERATION

(Continued from Page 23)

a substantial dowry as his price for conferring the highly coveted MRS. I shall never forget the proposition brought to me (at third or fourth hand, it is true) several years ago. I had seen the eligible once or twice and he looked human. More I could not tell. But when the word came to me, the dowry he demanded was \$10,000 because he had a college degree! Moreover, I was to continue with my job. Now had I been cross-eyed and knock-kneed, ancient and asthenic, dullwitted and lethargic, I might have taken the implied insult. But not being all these things, there was only one reply for me to make: I have an M.A. as well as a B.A. I have a Phi Beta Kappa key too. Can he settle at least \$20,000 on me? And will he stay home and have the babies?

In one of my rare moments of idleness recently, I picked up a Greek newspaper. It was open at a page entitled "KOINONIKA" and consisted of letters to the editor. The first letter I read was an appeal for a husband, qualifications possessed by the writer and desired of the eligible all neatly itemized. I skipped around. Here was an appeal for a wife, qualifications again itemized. I smiled in amusement. This was a bare-faced use of the very American medium of advertising. But my amusement was short-lived. Two of the letters were from men in their forties, one a professional or so he claimed. Both of them were advertising for a young woman who was "economically independent." Truly our Greek-American culture has reached a pathetic state when men past forty not only are ashamed to admit they cannot support a wife but openly advertise for a woman to support **them!** In other words, the inferior sex not only must bow before her Lord and Master's intellectual, spiritual, emotional, etc etc. ad infinitum superiority, she must also pay for the privilege of bowing! Gentlemen, the rate of exchange smacks of usury.

My most recent experience with a Greek-American was a revelation. This time, the first in my life, I said the fateful "yes," even though the eligible was considerably older, earning less than I and certainly no Apollo. Yet no sooner had I accepted his offer than I was subjected to a volley of conditions which were aimed at insuring not our mutual happiness but the satisfaction of the Superior Sex's whims. The whim that finally opened my eyes in spite of Cupid's valiant efforts to keep them closed was the blunt warning that I must give up seeing my family's closest friends so that I could devote myself and my life exclusively to the man I, "claimed" I lovtd. Here was a Greek-American διανοούμενος

no less, who had not learned that self-sacrifice cannot be demanded of anyone, not even of a wife. Nor had he learned that no man has the right to say "I love you" to a woman unless his reserve of inner strength is sufficient to allow him to give in occasionally without suffering loss of face.

And that is why a charming, attractive girl like me is still unmarried. I do not believe in match-making. I do not believe in dowries. I do not believe in pre-marital relations—ironically enough, many of my compatriots have not hesitated to make such demands as a condition of marriage. I do not believe a man is worthy of a sensitive, intelligent



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woman's respect unless he has attained some degree of emotional maturity and at least makes an attempt to be honest in his intellectual outlook.

I do believe that the functions performed and services rendered by each of the sexes are equal in value, that there is no superior or inferior sex. I do believe that marriage is a matter of spiritual understanding and mutual respect and not a matter of physical attraction only. I do believe that the success of any marriage depends upon both parties giving of themselves to each other so completely that each grows upward in understanding, in wisdom, in inner strength, in self-realization. I believe in marriage as a growing outward for both, not a withdrawal for either. And finally, I believe that only under such conditions does a couple have the right to accept the privilege and assume the responsibility of parenthood!

Naive? Not any more. Unrealistic? Perhaps, but doesn't that depend upon **whose** point of view is accepted for the probing of reality? Idealistic? Unfortunately, very unfortunately, yes!

### THAT HILARIOUS GREEK CARD GAME

(Continued From Page 35)

the two kings—twenty-nine counters in all."

Sonia threw in the queen of clubs, and each drew a card again beginning with Uncle Tom. Mine was the trey of diamonds.

"**Scombeely** again!" I exclaimed.

Uncle Tom slapped down the king of diamonds and my partner the ace of spades.

"Play off!" Uncle Tom shouted to Sonia.

"The highest diamond you have," Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos said to me, after Sonia had played the nine of spades.

He yelled when I revealed the ace of diamonds.

"Draw a card," he said. Then he added to Uncle Tom: "And you thought a broken leg was the worst that could happen to you!"

I got the jack of spades and Sonia **scombeely** in the drawing. My partner waved his hand indifferently, and so I played the jack of spades. Uncle Tom threw the queen of hearts and Christopher Demetrios Papadopoulos the ten of diamonds.

"Y our **scombeely**," Uncle Tom directed Sonia. "I'm trumping."

She played the trey of spades, and Uncle Tom pulled in the trick. He drew the first card, and when my turn came I got the last card out—the ten of hearts which had been face up and had determined the trump suit.

"We make two points!" my partner shouted, after we swept the remaining three tricks with my ace and flea of trumps and trey of diamonds.

"How do you figure that?" I asked.

"Exactly one hundred counters! Sixty-one counters make one point, eighty or more make two points."

"What's game?"

"Seven, nine, or eleven—usually eleven. Deal, Sonia, three at a time."

We were still playing hours after the whistles, horns, and revolvers announced the New Year. Uncle Tom became like a happy lad as he and Sonia slowly forged ahead in games won. He forgot his leg, and I hope others can learn this hilarious game by following these directions.



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# INTERPRETATION OF THE MYTH OF PERSEUS

(Continued from Page 6)

'Each day he doth some wretch devour,  
Or puffs his poisonous breath,  
And who inhales its baneful stench  
Is doomed to speedy death.'

The King and Emperor counsel took,  
The rich and then the poor,  
Who to the Dragon next should go  
And whom he should devour.

The lots were cast, and doomed to death,  
The Princess, too, must go;  
And much the King her fate bewailed,  
And wrung his hands for woe.

'Rise, then, my daughter, dress thyself,  
All in thy best array;  
I thought to see thee a Prince's bride,  
And not a Dragon's prey.'

Up rose the Maiden, dressed herself  
In richest robes of state,  
Took in her arms a little lamb  
And left the castle gate.

As tearful out of town she went  
And much and deeply sighed,  
No child was there in all the place  
But for the maiden cried.

She stood before the mountain cave,  
And peered around so wide:  
And there the knight St. George she saw  
In gallop toward her side.

His horse was white, his banner red,  
By that the knight was known;  
'Speak, noble maiden, speak, and say  
Why here you stand alone.

'And tell me, noble maiden, why  
You drop the frequent tear;  
If robbed you've been, or foully used,  
Your grief I fain would hear.'

'I weep that to a loathly worm  
My parents me must give;  
Ride, gallant youth, ride hence away,  
If longer you would live.'

'Fly will not I, nor leave, your side  
In this your hour of grief;  
I've to the holy Virgin vowed  
To haste to your relief.'

While there they stood in sweet discourse,  
That gentle saintly pair,  
Out flew the Dragon against the Knight  
Forth from his mountain lair.

Into its gorge the lance he drove,  
And splintered it in three,  
But swift as any bird could fly  
Unsheath his sword did he.

As swift as any bird could fly,  
He drew and dealt his blows;  
'I charge thee by the Holy Ghost  
Thy fetid maw to close.

'Come now, fair maiden, loose your belt,  
And bind his head withal,  
And let your friends and townsmen see  
The monster led in thrall.'

Into the city then they went,  
That saintly pair so brave;  
'Oh King, take on the Christian faith,  
Your realm from peril save.'

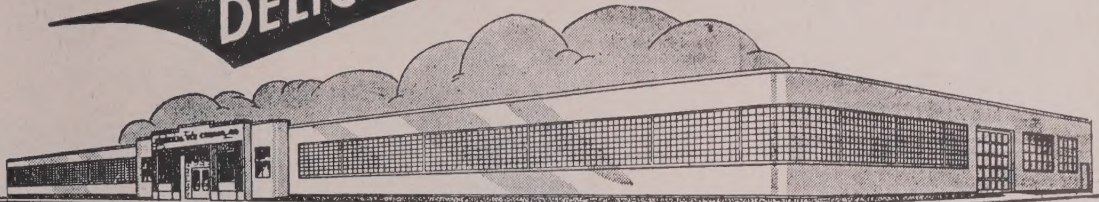
(See Page 48)



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## INTERPRETATION OF THE MYTH OF PERSEUS

(Continued from Page 46)

'Thy faith we take, myself and realm  
Of all and each degree:  
My daughter, her to thee I give,  
Thine equal she shall be.

'Nay, though she be of equal rank  
My troth I dare not plight,  
I've to the Virgin made a vow  
To live her loyal knight.'

\* It is certain that the allegory of the combat against a Sea Monster had been made by the Egyptians, for Horus, or the Pharaoh, had been represented as in combat with a crocodile, and the horse appeared here as taking part in the combat.



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